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## LIBERTY vs. LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

THE enemies of free institutions, founded on an equality of rights and of rank, and a general diffusion of property and intelligence, being accustomed to urge as an objection to such a system, that it in a great measure precludes the progress and perfection of literature and the fine arts, it is our design to subject this assertion to the test of reason and experience. Each of these go to establish the fact, that the enjoyment of freedom is highly favorable to the dignity as well as the intelligence of human character; and if such is the result of liberty in all other departments of intellectual occupation, it seems little less than an absurdity to presume that literature and the fine arts should be the solitary exceptions to this great general rule.

We believe this theory to be entirely unfounded, and as devoid of truth as it is derogatory to the character of freedom. We never wish to see the higher virtues and manlier pursuits, nor the primitive energies, of a free and vigorous people, sacrificed to the exclusive cultivation of literature and the fine arts. We never wish to see the time when the United States shall, in the midst of corruption and effeminacy, seek refuge from the sense of degradation, in the vanity of producing the best poets, painters, sculptors and musicians, or warming themselves, amid the darkness which envelopes the present, in the sunshine of their past glories. In our eyes, the composer of an opera, the prima donna and the prima don, should never come in competition with those who perform great services to the state; nor does it appear to be estimating merit by a just standard, to place Paganini before Washington, or the sculptor who chisels a hero, above the hero himself. Those virtues and talents which are indispensable to the government and safety of nations, the conduct and preservation of their useful institutions, and the general welfare of mankind, are, in our opinion, a far more rational and salutary source of national pride, than the mere accomplishments which, though they adorn society, constitute neither the foundation nor superstructure of true glory, or substantial happiness. The elegant and ornamental should never take precedence of the useful arts, as they have done in Italy, where at this moment they are far behind the United States in all those domestic comforts and conveniences which form so large a portion of the stock of human happiness.

Still, a competent skill in literature and the fine arts is a just source of national pride, and every government, as well as every people, should foster them with a judicious liberality. We do not mean that they should give more for a tune on the fiddle, or an air at the opera, than they are willing to pay for objects of real utility; nor lavish on a successful actor or buffoon, rewards and honors which they

deny to the meritorious statesman, the successful defender of his country, or the powerful asserter of her fame and freedom. Whenever this false estimate becomes the ruling principle of nations and their sovereigns, it has always been found that the ruin, or at least degradation, of those nations was close at hand. Effeminate pursuits succeeded the more manly exercises of the intellect, or the body; genius became the handmaid of luxury, instead of the parent of patriotism and virtue, and prostituted itself to gain the notice of kings, princes, and nobility, instead of laboring to deserve the love and gratitude of the people.

Literature ought ever to have precedence over the fine arts, since while it amuses it enlightens. It is the medium of a great portion of our knowledge — the casket in which is deposited our moral and religious codes — our mentor and instructor. It makes knowledge not only immortal, but increases its vigor and richness from age to age. Like our mother earth, it produces, fosters, and preserves, at the same time. The fine arts, on the contrary, are rather sources of refined amusement than of salutary instruction. None of that knowledge necessary to the improvement of mankind, the conduct of life, or the attainment of happiness, can be obtained by a contemplation of the Venus de Medicis or the Apollo Belvidere; nor can it be said with truth, that a man or woman either, is better or wiser for having studied them to intensity. The same may be said of the productions of the fine arts in general. They afford a rich and innocent source of gratification; they come in aid of human enjoyments; and are so far the auxiliaries of virtue, that they frequently afford resources for passing that leisure which might otherwise be spent in a manner less innocent. On the whole, however, experience seems to have demonstrated that consummate culture in the fine arts has always hitherto been one of the last stages in the progress of nations, and has ever rapidly followed, if it has not preceded, degeneracy and decay.

Be this as it may, we cannot withhold the expression of our pleasure at seeing the steady progress daily making in this country in literature and the fine arts, because we believe that there is no intrinsic incompatibility between the virtues necessary to preserve liberty, and the pure and rational refinements of a wholesome, natural, manly taste. We have, moreover, long cherished a conviction that the enjoyment of a rational freedom, such as we of the United States are blessed with, associated with a general liberal diffusion of property and intelligence, which always carry with them an improvement in taste, was far more favorable to the cultivation and independence of literature and the fine arts, than all the patronage kings, princes, and nobles, ever bestowed upon them, from their birth to their maturity and decay. This is the position we shall attempt to establish in the ensuing discussion — first, on the ground of general principles and general results; secondly, on the authority of history and experience.

It seems to us, in the first place, degrading literature and the fine arts below the most ordinary handicraft trades, by presuming that they cannot subsist but in a state of abject dependence on a particular individual, who must not only be rich but noble. It is making menials and paupers of their professors, and placing them on a level

with the tenants of the kitchen, who look up, with abject submission, to the smile and the favor of him who gives them wages in return for labor and obedience. All other pursuits depend on the general wants, habits, and tastes, of the people at large for patronage, and nothing is necessary to their success, but the general diffusion of those wants, habits, and tastes, to produce a liberal remuneration for the exercise of talents and industry, unaccompanied by any feeling of dependence or degradation whatever.

The artist or the literary man who receives a pension from a king, or who exists on the bounty of a great man, must almost necessarily be restricted in the employment of his genius. The painter or sculptor is in all probability directed in the choice of his subject, not by his own taste, but that of his patron; and the literary dependent must not soar beyond etiquette, nor grasp at forbidden fruit. His wings are clipped, his fancy restrained, and his reason manacled, by the fear of displeasing the master who feeds and clothes him. Voltaire, who had ample personal experience on this point, during the boasted reign of Louis the Fourteenth, the Macenas of modern times, in speaking of the appointment of Addison to the post of Secretary of State, says, with equal truth and severity :

‘ Had he been in France, he would have been elected a member of one of the academies, and by the credit of some women, he might have obtained a pension of twelve hundred livres; or else been imprisoned in the Bastille, upon pretence that in his tragedy of Cato, strokes had been discovered which glanced at some persons in power.’

Voltaire was himself a striking example of the miseries of royal patronage, which is frequently but another name for royal persecution. He sought refuge from the latter in the protection of the Great Frederick of Prussia, under whose alternate smiles and frowns he languished a few years, and at length retired to Fernay, where alone he could enjoy the sweets of independence.

It seems to us that mankind are too prone to continue to receive, as a sort of inheritance, and to repeat without discrimination, those maxims which may have once been true, but which have become obsolete and inapplicable by the almost imperceptible yet wonder-working influence of time, and the great changes it produces. At the period in which literature and the arts awakened from the long sleep of ages, in Europe, the feudal system prevailed every where. All property and all power was in the hands of the king, the church, and the nobility; and as a direct inevitable consequence, it was from these alone that the arts, not indispensable to the existence of man in a social state, could receive encouragement, or expect support. Artists of course looked to this source exclusively; and hence we find them in a great degree under the special patronage of monarchs, popes, princes, cardinals, and nobility. It was the same with literary men, who could find no purchasers for their works among a people who could not read, and of course had no inclination to buy; and who, if they had, possessed not the means of paying for them.

The only exception to this state of things — and we look upon it as decisive in favor of our theory — was the city of Florence, then a democracy. It was in this free city, that literature and the fine arts

first arose from out the obscurity of the dark ages. It is from a democratic community, shining like a solitary star in the dark regions of feudal despotism, that we can distinctly trace the progress of literature and the arts in modern times. It was there that the first Greek scholars opened their schools; it was there that Dante, the great original of modern poetry, strung his lyre; it was there that painting and sculpture first threw off the fetters of a barbarous taste; and such was the vast influence of its literature, that it wrested from Columbus the glory of giving his name to a new world which he had discovered. And we will ask, who were the first and greatest patrons of those arts and that literature? Not monarchs or princes, but a family of illustrious merchants, holding their temporary authority by virtue of the choice of the people, and deriving their wealth, not from their labors, but from the pursuits of an enlightened commerce. Nor were they alone the patrons of the arts, since, among the earliest and finest specimens of sculpture in that distinguished city, are a series of statues voluntarily contributed for its embellishment by the companies of artists and laborers. One of these is by Michael Angelo, and others by the most distinguished of his contemporaries.

Do not these facts, founded on historical authority, sufficiently prove that the institutions of monarchy and aristocracy, and the consequent degradation of a large portion of mankind, are not essential to the most flourishing state of literature and the arts? Do they not indicate, with the finger of truth, that these embellishments of life need not necessarily be purchased at the price of slavery and dependence? The city of Florence will be found, on consulting the great historian Machiavel — who, though a consistent republican, has been oddly metamorphosed into an advocate of tyranny — to have been at the very time she gave the impulse and the law to the literature and arts of Europe, as much a democracy, as Athens herself, when she stood in the same commanding attitude, at the head of the Grecian State, we may say at the head of the world. If such examples are not more common in history, it is because, with few exceptions, mankind have, in all ages and nations, been trodden under foot by the armed hoof of despotic power.

The general principle is unquestionably in favor of the doctrine, that it is the nature of free institutions to expand and invigorate the faculties of the human mind. Out of a state of absolute barbarism, liberty cannot exist without a general though not an equal distribution of property and intelligence. It presupposes what is indispensable to its being, a people free from actual poverty and its consequent wants; possessing a spirit which resists all innovation on their rights, and a degree of culture which elevates them above the common level of abject ignorance. Such a people, imbued, as they always will be more or less, with the rudiments of taste, a desire for mental gratifications, and a capacity for improvement, may, and will do, in their collective numbers, all, and more than all, that kings, popes, princes, cardinals, and nobility, have done, or ever will do, for literature and the arts. And this, too, without subjecting artists and literary men to a degrading dependence on the favor or caprice of one single man. Appealing to a wealthy and enlightened community, nay to the whole civilized world, their genius has not only a noble incitement

of a far higher character than that of pleasing one single man, but a wider scope for its exercise, free from all apprehension of the loss of bread or favor, by expatiating in the boundless space of the universe. They need not fear to incur banishment or imprisonment by exploring the depths of philosophy for hidden truths, or vindicating the rights of the human race at the expense of those who inflict on them nothing but wrongs; they have no reason to apprehend the fate of Galileo, Grotius, and hundreds of illustrious victims to the persecutions of jealous power, or bigotted intolerance, for they address themselves to a free people, who neither start at shadows, nor imagine they see in the diffusion of knowledge the downfall of religion and civil government.

On general principles, which furnish the only just grounds for general truths, we maintain, then, that it is a solecism to presume that equal rights, and the general diffusion of property and intelligence, can operate injuriously on the exercise of the human intellect in any department, pursuit, or profession whatsoever. Such a theory is unphilosophical in principle; it is at war with the inflexible union of cause and effect, and it is contradicted by the long experience of mankind, which has clearly demonstrated that free institutions make free minds; and that it would be just as true to assert that the physical powers of man are strengthened by chains, as that his intellectual faculties are expanded by being prohibited from exercise.

For the purpose of maintaining our doctrine on the basis of individual experience, we will now proceed to compare what the royal and noble patrons have done in former times, with what the people are doing now in other quarters. When the faction of the nobles gained the ascendancy in Florence, over the democracy, they exiled Dante, and persecuted Michael Angelo. Tasso was patronized by the Duke of Ferrara, and after having his heart broken and his reason shattered, by the capricious tyranny of his noble patron, died a beggar and a madman. Michael Angelo, having established a fame which made it an honor for princes to employ him, was invited to Rome, and patronized by Leo the Tenth, the Macenas of the purple. Let us see to what this patronage led.

'The artist,' says his biographer, 'had received instructions to construct a monument for Julius the Second, and he was anxious to complete the work, when he was called from it by the pope (Leo the Tenth,) who insisted upon his going to Florence to build the facade of the Church of St. Lorenzo. He would have remonstrated, but was forced to submit, and while at Carrera procuring the marble, he received a letter from Leo, ordering him to go to the quarries of Pietra Santa for that purpose. Michael Angelo complied, but reported that the marble there was of bad quality, and that there was no way of conveying it to Florence, without making a road over mountains and marshes to the sea. The pope, however, persisted, and commanded him to proceed; the consequence of which was, that the talents of this great man were buried in those mountains during the whole pontificate of Leo, in raising stone out of a quarry and making a road.' Those who desire to know more of the patronage of popes and kings, have only to consult the biography of that great but eccentric artist, Benvenuto Cellini.

Annibal Caracci was patronized by the Cardinal Farnese, who demonstrated his veneration for antiquity by pulling down the Coliseum to get materials for his palace. The prize he received for those splendid paintings, now forming the richest ornaments of that palace, and which occupied him ten years, was five hundred crowns, which does not amount to one half of what the porter now every year receives from thousands of visitors who flock from all parts of the world to admire these splendid productions of art. But he had the honor of being patronized by a prince cardinal.

Dominichino was also patronized by a cardinal, who paid him about twelve pounds for the Communion of St. Jerome, which is now worth as many thousands. There is a fine picture of the Flight into Egypt by Andrea del Sarto, in which Joseph is represented on a sack of corn. The following fact will account for this circumstance: The picture was painted for a munificent patron who paid him with a sack of corn, to commemorate which, he introduced it as we have described.

Titian, who stands at the head of his art, after being patronized by Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, and the Senate of Venice, continued in such a state of poverty, that his friend Peter Aretino, the famous satirist, who kept kings and popes equally in fear, in order to relieve him, recommended him to Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, who took him under his patronage. The greatest honor ever paid to this eminent artist, in the opinion of his biographer, was the emperor stooping down one day to pick up his pencil! But Corregio, the graceful, the touching, the inimitable Corregio! Nobody can tell the time of his birth, or the place where he was born. His parents were poor, and his education was neglected. Yet, by a persevering study in the school of nature alone, he arose to a degree of excellence which none have ever exceeded. But he continued poor all his life, and the manner of his death, while it presents one of the most affecting pictures on record, peculiarly illustrates our theory. He was employed to paint the Assumption of the Virgin in the cupola of the cathedral at Parma, a task which he performed in a manner that still calls forth the admiration of all true judges of the art. His work was found fault with by his patron, probably as an excuse for beating down the price, which was reduced to one half. This was paid in copper money, which the poor artist was obliged to carry home on his shoulders to his indigent family, a distance of seven or eight miles. The weight of his burthen, the heat of the weather, and the depression of his spirits, threw him into a fever, which, at the expiration of three days, put a period to his life. After this, let us hear no more of the necessity of monopolies of wealth and rank, to the existence and encouragement of the fine arts.

We could, without the labor of much research, easily swell this catalogue to an extent that might surprise the reader who has been accustomed to consider the patronage of the great as synonymous with wealth and honors. We could quote hundreds of distinguished names in literature and the arts, who were condemned to poverty and degradation by the patronage of kings, princes, and nobles, or left to perish in neglect and obscurity by their want of taste and munificence. The whole history of literature and the arts shows distinctly



that there is scarcely an instance, in which the unfortunate protégés of aristocracy did not pay, by a life of flattery and servitude, for the miserable pittance of ostentatious parsimony, and the still more degrading condescensions of lordly pride. These patrons of the arts were seldom if ever the first to discover and encourage unprotected genius. They waited until the voice of fame had proclaimed their triumphs, and it was not until then that they condescended to reward their talents with a niggardly patronage, and to admit them into their society, when they could derive honors from the association far greater than they could bestow.

From a pretty careful examination of the subject, we are satisfied it was not to the patronage of the great that literature and the fine arts were indebted for their revival, or their ultimate excellence, during the period in which they flourished in Italy. There must, therefore, have been other causes operating to produce this effect, and they will probably be found in the natural eagerness and vigor with which the human intellect pursues a novel and attractive object in a new field and fruitful soil not yet exhausted by cultivation. This field presented itself on the revival of literature and the arts in Europe; and it cannot be wondered at that men of genius cultivated it with all their newly-awakened energies, and with a success which has left to posterity no greater glory than that of equalling them.

The wide distinction of ranks, and the awe with which all those who were not noble, looked up toward those that were, may have come in aid of other excitements to the cultivation of literature and the arts. Setting aside courage and skill in war, there were no other means by which the barrier between the noble and the peasant could be overleaped, than excellence in literature and the fine arts. This procured admission into the charmed circle of nobility, and attracted the notice of princes. It raised the low-born peasant to an intercourse with those to whom he was accustomed to look up with reverence and fear, as a superior order of beings; and though experience generally proved that such an association only brought mortification and indignity to the ambitious scholar or artist, still it was not the less an object of ardent solicitude, or a less powerful stimulant to exertion. When Charles the Fifth picked up the pencil of Titian and presented it to him, saying, 'It is fit that Cæsar should wait on Titian,' there can be no doubt the knowledge of such a condescension inspired equal envy and emulation among his rivals and successors.

So far, then, the approbation of the great undoubtedly contributed to animate the exertions of genius. But is there not in a free country a nobler stimulus to the ambition of a generous spirit in the admiration of an enlightened people? Surely the applauses of millions, and the encouragement held out by their taste and munificence, furnish sufficient stimulatives, as they afford sufficient rewards, for the highest exertions of genius. Such patrons require no degrading sacrifices of independence, and exact no servility. Instead of looking down with proud superiority on the man who administers to their pleasure and improvement, they contemplate him with affectionate reverence, and reward him by every demonstration of gratitude in their power. While Florence was free, the distinguished literary men of that illustrious commonwealth, were honored with the highest offices. The Secretary of State was almost always

a scholar of eminence, and a great portion of her embassies were confided to that class of men. The States of Holland, when enjoying their greatest degree of freedom, pursued the same policy, with regard to Grotius, and other distinguished writers; and Rubens was charged with more than one important embassy by these famous republics.

Compare the sums of money received by the distinguished writers and artists of the present age, in England, with the rewards of those who enjoyed the patronage of kings, princes, and nobility. The former had no patrons but a liberal and enlightened public, through whose munificence they received a far more liberal remuneration, independent of the degradation of individual patronage, than any king of England, France, or Spain, or any prince or pope of Italy, ever bestowed. In illustration of this, it is only necessary to cite the examples of Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Mr. Moore, and many minor names, who received their thousands for single works, certainly not superior to those of Dante and Tasso, both in turn the objects and victims of princely patronage and oppression.

On the other hand, let us turn to the long and dismal array of names which, in the days of royal and noble patronage, lived a life of poverty, and perished in despair. To cite them, would fill a volume, and savor of the records of a parish poor-house. But since the period when genius became emancipated from all other patronage but that of an enlightened public, we hear no more of its perishing for want, or pining in hopeless obscurity. Poverty is no more its reproach or opprobrium, and the old joke of living in garrets, is no longer applicable. The voice of their countrymen calls them forth from oblivion, its munificence rewards their exertions, and men of unquestionable talents in literature and the arts are only required to exercise that degree of industry and prudence which is necessary in all other pursuits of life, to attain to competency if not wealth.

With regard to the fine arts, the result is the same. It is true that Vandyke was invited over to England by King Charles, and knighted when knighthood was the jest of the poets and dramatic writers. But it is now known, from documents lately brought to light, that he was obliged to paint portraits for the king at a less price than he received from others. Our countryman West also tasted the sweets of royal patronage, and spent a good portion of his life in painting pictures for which he was never paid.

We should never have done, were we to undertake to cite all the examples of royal and princely patronage. They will most of them readily occur to the general reader, and such is their numbers and celebrity, that their united weight is sufficient to overwhelm all the empty boasts of the munificence of kings, princes, and nobility.

Turning our eyes toward our own free country, which labors under the ban of aristocracy, and is considered little better than a barren waste in which neither literature nor the arts can find either soil or sustenance, there is nothing which indicates that she will not in good time attain to eminence in both, without paying for them more than they are worth, in the sacrifice of liberty. If we do not err, she is destined in good time to vindicate them from the foul slander of being the grovelling satellites of corruption, the abject



followers and dependents of despotism. It is in the rich soil of rational freedom, which, while it gives scope and license to all the vigorous efforts of genius, at the same time affords peace and security, as well as rewards to its exertions, that all the higher qualities have attained their greatest perfection. It is there that genius and virtue find their most appropriate home, and their noblest field of exercise, because they have nothing to hope from base prostitution, and nothing to fear from jealous despotism.

We hear it every day confidently asserted, as if it were a fact challenging denial, that the rewards bestowed on literature and the fine arts in the United States, have not equalled those they received in Italy and other countries of Europe. We deny this, and appeal to the proof in the examples already brought forward. Did we ever hear of any respectable artist in the United States being rewarded by a sack of corn for a first rate picture? Is there an instance of one perishing like the inimitable Corregio, from carrying the price of a picture in copper coin on his shoulders? Or admitting there is one capable of producing a picture equal to the St. Jerome of Dominichino, would he find, in the wide circuit of these United States, a gentleman who would debase himself by offering such a price as the Italian artist received? On the contrary, we know that Colonel Trumbull received eight thousand dollars a piece, from the Congress of the United States, for four pictures, neither of them certainly equal to the Communion of St. Jerome, the Flight into Egypt, or the Assumption of the Virgin. We know too, that the same distinguished body has lately voted a similar sum for a similar number of pictures of native artists, to be placed in the rotunda of the capital for the contemplation of future ages; and we also know that a company of gentlemen in Boston has contracted with Mr. Washington Alston for a picture, for which he is to receive ten thousand dollars, if it is ever finished, of which we believe there is some doubt. Other instances might be adduced of American artists making four, six, and even twelve thousand dollars a year. We put the question to those who assail our institutions and government on this ground, whether they know of any potentate of Europe, who, within the same period, has offered such inducements to living artists? No. They give enormous prices for the works of dead artists, and leave the living ones to take their chance with the public.

Our artists need no longer go abroad to earn a livelihood, or gain a name. Those who have talents and industry, meet with employment and liberal compensation. They receive quite as much, and sometimes a great deal more, than is given for similar productions in Europe; they also receive equal, if not greater attention, and their society is courted by the first people in the land. We know that that distinguished sculptor, and most amiable, intelligent gentleman, Mr. Horatio Greenough, whom his country delights, and ought to delight, to honor, when he left this city, a few days since, carried with him engagements to the amount of seventeen thousand dollars, and that others to a large amount have since been forwarded to him. We also know that he has ascertained there is a sufficiency of marble in this country, superior for all purposes of statuary to that of Carrara, and that when he has finished his statue of Washington, he

means to come home and devote himself to the establishment of a school of statuary. We shall then see whether it requires the patronage of kings, the distinctions of ranks, the monopoly of wealth, and the sacrifice of liberty, to make the arts flourish in our great republic.

Our literary men and artists need no longer go abroad, we again repeat, to earn a livelihood or gain a reputation. The period is fast approaching, when they will address themselves to fifty, and by and by a hundred, millions of their countrymen, all speaking the same language, all advancing abreast with equal steps, and forming a solid phalanx of mind and purpose, such as the world never saw before. Is there not here a sphere adequate to the most vaulting ambition? And why, therefore, should they look abroad for the stinted praise of foreign hireling critics, when they can implant their names deep in the soil of a country, wider than any homogeneous empire that the world ever saw, and where they will live in ages to come, when peradventure the fate of Europe may follow that of the other quarters of the old world.

Let them appeal to the feelings and pride of this great and growing nation, instead of those of foreigners, and consecrate their genius at the shrine of patriotism. Let them strike the right chord, and if it does not promptly respond to the touch, then let them complain, and let the imputation we have been contesting be acknowledged as the truth. Then let them repeat the old sing-song about the incompatibility of freedom with the perfection of the arts, and the necessity of patronage, servitude and degradation to a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Corregio, a Claude, a Titian, a Canova, a Thorwalsden, or a Greenough. Until they have made this trial, silence, study, effort and industry, would better become them, than complaint and despondency. Let them read the lives of these illustrious artists, whose fame now illuminates the civilized world, and learn by what a succession of labors, anxieties, disappointments, and mortifications, they at length gained the summit of their art. They will then see, that the highest rewards are only the meed of the greatest efforts, and that the exertions of a whole life are necessary to live hereafter.

Let them also recollect, that all the artists of Italy are not equally celebrated. The names of thousands and tens of thousands, during the period in which the arts flourished in that country in their greatest splendor, now rest in the repose of oblivion, or are only recorded in dictionaries. Thousands and tens of thousands have also attained but a small portion of the fame of these illustrious masters, who, though nearly cotemporary with each other, seem to have been the product of centuries. Ages preceded and succeeded them, without producing their equals, and who knows but that in which the old world has failed, may be achieved by the new?

Without doubt, many a bright genius of whom the world has never heard, during the age of these great masters, pined away in neglect and obscurity, notwithstanding the patronage of kings and nobility, and what is more, in spite of that of the illustrious merchants and mechanics of Florence. A still greater number of artists, without genius or industry, were left to combat with their own imbecility, and, we dare say, were loud in their complaints of the neglect of their countrymen. It is the lot of mediocrity and inferiority to

complain, and it is equally so, for men of the highest genius to meet with disappointments in their pursuits. In the great game of human life, few win and many lose, nor is the race always to the swift, or the battle to the strong.

If, then, it should happen, as it most undoubtedly will, that among the present or any future race of artists, who start in the great sweepstakes for fame and fortune, some, nay, very many, should break down, some give out, and some be distanced, while but a few arrive at the goal, let them not, in a spirit of querulous complaint, lay their failure at the door of our free institutions. Let them refrain from joining the hue and cry, that the fine arts are incompatible with the general diffusion of rights, property, and intelligence, and that to have fine pictures and statues, men must once more become slaves. If such indeed be the case, then we say, let us dispense with Saints and Madonnas, Venuses and Apollos, and cling to the Goddess of Liberty. If it must be so, let us sacrifice the arts to freedom, remembering that in the language of the poet Lucan, '*Libertas ultima mundi quo steterit ferienda loco.*'

#### A PASSAGE OF LIFE.

I SLEEP—but 't is to dream—though I have pray'd  
For that blest spirit of forgetfulness,  
That comes o'er Virtue like a necromance,  
Leaving an infant quiet with the heart,  
And with the mind, oblivion. But my prayer  
Has found no entrance at the gate of God—  
And I dream on. Rest has no change for me,  
And comes not to me, with its angel wings,  
Fanning and shadowing, till a weary world  
Takes form of what it should be, and we think  
Life yet might be a vision crown'd with gold,  
And even yet a weary thing to die.

There is no midnight to me—the long bell  
That tells the passage of 'recorded time'  
To the insensate watcher, bears to me  
No story of the future or the past.  
But the dull night-chime falls upon my ear  
As upon marble—or some sculptur'd thing,  
That rings to, but feels not the booming sound!  
I know no measure of my days—my mind  
Gives with its silent but unerring voice  
No intimation of that wondrous change,  
That with alternate radiance and gloom,  
Walks the great earth and sky. Morn, with its bars,  
Opening like Mercy on a waking world,  
And night with its vast music of the stars!

I gaze upon this bright machinery  
That circulates through space—and, as I gaze,  
And listen to the tireless melodies  
That swell upon us in a choiring sound,  
As from some mighty fountains in the sky,  
I feel their golden order, as they pass,  
And hear their Master's voice. Mount, cloud, and sea  
Lift up their majesty—and a great shout  
Leaps from gray crag to the blue waters—all  
Swell the fierce thunder-peal in deep response,  
And tell their glorious history in the storm!

Portland, December, 1836.

GRENVILLE MELLER.

## THE DANCING GIRL.

## A PASSAGE IN THE 'FIDGET PAPERS.'

'LET Angelina bare her breast of snow,  
Wave her white arm, and point her pliant toe.'

BYRON.

THE request of his father, my own inclination, and a sense of duty, combined to render me particularly attentive to the interests and welfare of my well-meaning but giddy friend, Jack Volatile. One half of his time was spent in getting into difficulties, and the other half in getting out of them. He was thoughtless, generous, unsuspicious, and inexperienced — trusting less to principle than to feeling; more to impulse than to judgment: no wonder, then, that he was frequently the prey of the designing. He was very susceptible. It did not require a union of extraordinary charms to light a fire in his heart. A single good feature was sufficient. He was ready to die for a little milliner, because she had a pretty ancle, and lavished half his fortune on a confectioner's girl, because she had red hair, like Titian's Flora. I threatened to carry him to the Lunatic Asylum, but the man was perfectly incorrigible. For this reason I at first refused to accompany him to the theatre, when the famous *danseuse*, M<sup>lle</sup> Angelique L'Amour was about to make her first appearance in the literary emporium.

'Volatile,' said I, 'you will fall in love with her, you know — and why should you wish me to be a spectator of your vagaries?'

'My dear Frank, I'll behave like a gentleman.'

'That you always do — but sometimes like a most erratic one. Promise that you will not fall in love with M<sup>lle</sup> L'Amour.'

'Francis Fidget,' replied Volatile, 'I solemnly promise I will not adore her.'

'Remember, Volatile, your word is pledged. You are not to yell 'bravo!' like a madman — you're not to throw your hat into the pit — you're not to act Romeo for the especial admiration of the gallery; but you are to take your pleasure 'soberly,' like Lady Grace; to applaud moderately, if pleased, and to say nothing, if dissatisfied.'

'Agreed! agreed!' cried Volatile, impatiently: 'and now for M<sup>lle</sup> Angelique.'

We went to town. The theatre was full and fashionably attended: Strange perversion of taste! We turn a deaf ear to the horrid declamations of native genius, but to the '*declamation des jambes*' we give the profoundest attention. '*Les gens n'éconte que le ballet*,' was the complaint of a beautiful Italian singer. But I wander from my tale.

The entrance of M<sup>lle</sup> Angelique was heralded by ravishing music, that stole upon the ear like the 'sweet south.' In the midst of a most harmonious prelude, there bounded into view a young, glad creature, with light drapery floating round her, like a veil of mist.

The scenic roses that bloomed upon the canvass seemed to borrow a new and touching grace from the splendor of her presence. Angelique adapted her movements to the music with remarkable precision. Now, while the strain was low and soft, the beautiful girl

sailed slowly round, waving her white arms above her head, or crossing them, with graceful gesture, on her snowy breast. Her features, according with the flow of melancholy sounds, assumed a dejected air.

But when she heard 'the brisk awakening viol,' she bounded aloft like Flora when pursued by Zephyr, and the strained eye could hardly catch the motion of her little twinkling feet. She receded to the back of the stage with wonderful rapidity,

—— 'Showing limbs, as loth to show  
Through many a thin Tarentian fold.'

And now she paused for breath — her coral lips apart, her beautiful bosom heaving. The music swelled again, and the lovely Angelique sprang forward with the arrowy rush of Ronzi Vestris. Louder and louder rang the tambourine and bugle. And now commenced the triumph of the dancer's art. She bounded from the stage, as if too light to rest upon the boards. She poised her feather-weight upon one slender foot, and whirled around with dizzying rapidity. Her motions became more and more complicated, her exertions more and more prodigious. At length, wearied, weak, panting, she waved a feeble adieu, and disappeared. The roar of applause that followed her exit, shook the very pillars of the theatre, and the green curtain undulated in the currents of air caused by the tumultuary movements of the audience.

'Heavens!' cried Volatile, 'am I dreaming? Was not that an unsubstantial vision, sent to beguile a wayward hour, but too beautiful for earth?'

'Come, Volatile,' said I, 'your promise!'

'Promise!' cried Volatile, with huge contempt. 'I vowed I would not love a woman, but it would be madness to frown upon a divinity!'

'The girl is pretty,' said I, wishing to sooth him, 'and what *pigeon-wings!*'

'Goth!' exclaimed Volatile, 'do you speak of her thus? Why, she is angelic.'

'Her *name* is so,' retorted I. 'But tell me, is that woman worthy such enthusiasm, who can so far forget the modesty of her sex and age, as to expose herself to the gaze of a crowded theatre, in a garb which a sculptor would think light enough for a Venus? No, there is a rank corruption at her heart.'

'I'll stake my head,' cried Volatile, hotly, 'upon the purity of her heart!'

'Then, my poor Jack, you will soon become

'A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.'

'Come, come,' said Jack, 'you must own that modesty does not consist in dress — else what a stock of ready-made virtue can you buy at any milliner's.'

'Stop!' cried I, 'were this *figurante* a South Sea Islander, born where the thermometer stands at 90° Fahrenheit in the shade, and where milliners are confounded scarce, she might pass for a Lucretia; but as the case stands, I can't excuse her. I beg leave again to remind you of your promise. And now we'll go and get some oysters.'

Oysters! food fit for the gods! What had been the banquets of Apicius without ye? The shell that cradled Venus on the waters must have been an oyster-shell. The pearl that Cleopatra melted in her cup, once rested in an oyster-shell. Delicious children of the sea! Ye were my solace in that all nameless hour, when my heart was heavy within me — when the present was a blank, the future a dark abyss, the past a shadowy desert. Then, in the recklessness of my despair, not knowing whether I had an appetite or not, I said ‘Give me oysters!’ and I ate of them. Lo! the clouds that shrouded my mind vanished:

‘My bosom’s lord sat lightly on his throne.’

I lived — I joyed in life. Hogarth, that accurate observer of nature, represents a man at an election dinner, dying with an oyster on his fork. Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the past! is there on thy pages the record of a death more glorious? A man may be sentimental over oysters. Volatile was so, and eagerly recommenced upon the subject of the dancing girl. He was entirely fascinated, and before we separated for the night, gave me to understand that he should immediately set about procuring an introduction, for he was very well convinced, from the evidence of her features, that she was a most amiable young woman, and worthy of all the eulogiums which had been lavished upon her.

Volatile’s first step was to ascertain whether any of his friends were acquainted with the figurante; but none of them could claim that honor. He next bought fifty dollar’s worth of tickets for her first benefit, and the act was duly puffed in the newspapers. Mademoiselle Angelique pocketed the cash, but took no notice of her prodigal patron. Volatile now bethought himself of the influence of the manager, and procured an introduction to that worthy functionary, without encountering any of the difficulties which impeded his approach to the beautiful *danseuse*. The manager was much pleased with his new acquaintance, and let him into all the secrets by which he hoped to insure the success of his campaign. The graver part of the community were to be propitiated by a series of moral plays, of which George Barnwell was the most conspicuous. Then there were to be some dancing monkeys, and a pantomime for children, and a celebrated tight-rope vaulter, for the lovers of the legitimate drama. To all these plans Jack Volatile gave an attentive ear, and what was still better, money. But when he solicited an introduction to the *danseuse*, the manager shrugged his shoulders. Mademoiselle Angelique was a singular girl — capricious — reserved sometimes — artful — provoking! However, he would try what he could do, for he had all the disposition in the world to oblige the young gentleman who had approved of the dancing monkeys, and sanctioned the degradation of the drama. The first message which the manager brought from the figurante, was of a discouraging character. Angelique was unwell, saw no company, was not fond of American gentlemen, had her time occupied, etc., etc. The manager suggested the propriety of making some offering at the shrine of the lady’s beauty. ‘She has a passion for diamonds.’ This hint was enough for Volatile. He had money, and he was generous.



A cross, set with small diamonds, was procured, and sent, with a complimentary note, to the beautiful Parisian. It was accepted, and Volatile was invited to call.

The delight of Wilheim Meister, on being admitted to the private apartments of his lovely actress, was not equal to the joy of Volatile when he found himself in the boudoir of M<sup>lle</sup> L'Amour. Upon his entrance, the lady herself was not visible, but a snuffy old French woman offered him a chair. The room was richly draped and carpeted; there were two large mirrors, and the furniture was elegant. Volatile's first movement was unpropitious, for he happened to tread on the tail of a pet puppy, that yelped and ran to the old woman, who took it up, hugged it in her arms, covered it with snuff and kisses, and ceased from her endearments only to cast angry glances at Volatile. Eventually, the little beast stole from the apartment.

At length Angelique entered. She did not look so blooming as on the night of her first appearance. The roses had faded from her cheeks, and Volatile was surprised to find that she was quite lame. She received him with a great deal of grace and affability, and entered into a very animated conversation. Volatile was not surprised to find that she had much of the *enfant gâtée* about her, but he thought her characterized by great taste and wit. Perhaps he was not mistaken. The humblest Frenchwoman collects, almost miraculously, a considerable stock of information, and acquires, I know not how, a command of language, and a facility of expression, which is really enviable. French *naïveté* may not be nature, but it is still interesting.

All at once a scratching was heard at the door. '*Oh ! maman !*' cried Angelique, '*ouvrez la porte — c'est mon pauvre Fidèle.*'

The old lady hastened to admit him. The little dog entered, covered with mud. Volatile's pantaloons were immaculate: the little scoundrel rushed against his legs at once.

'*Ah ! monsieur !*' cried the sentimental Parisian: '*voilà comme il vous aime !*'

The muddy cur sprang into Volatile's lap. 'A beautiful dog!' cried Volatile — then added to himself: 'Curse the little whelp! I wish he were at Jericho!'

'*Fidèle ! Fidèle !*' cried the danseuse, '*donnez le main à Monsieur.*'

The dog placed his muddy paw in Volatile's white-gloved hand, and finished his performances, by biting my friend's finger. He was on the point of throwing his tormentor into the fire, but was recalled to his senses by the exclamation of the proprietress of the animal: '*Ah ! Monsieur Volatile ! il vous baise*' — 'he kisses you.'

It was with great difficulty that my friend finally persuaded the cross old woman to take the dog off. The remainder of the morning passed very pleasantly. Angelique was denied to every one, and the interview became literally a *tête-à-tête*, for the old woman was soon weary with listening to the conversation of the fair Parisian and her American admirer. When Volatile took leave, he thought himself really in love. At this period of the affair, I told him it was high time to consider how his father would relish the introduction of a French dancer into the family. To this he made no answer: he was evidently too far gone for reflection.

Volatile was now the constant attendant of Angelique. He waited upon her at ballet rehearsals, and frequently rode home with her from the theatre. One evening he called upon the lady, and found her in the best possible humor. She entertained him with a song, and danced her very best *pas seul* in her most bewitching manner. Volatile was delighted. 'Still,' said he, 'this is nothing but a rehearsal, for you are presently going to repeat this to the public.'

'Non, Monsieur Volatile, I am going to write to de directeur, dat I am ver sick dis evening — I have got a physician's certificate.'

'But,' said Volatile, who felt for the poor devil of a manager: 'Mr. Trumpet will lose a vast deal of money by your non-appearance.'

'Ah, mon ami,' said Angelique, sentimentally, 'vat is money? Money is dross!'

At these words, a bitter pang shot across the breast of Volatile, for his presents to the dancer had almost exhausted his funds. But there was no resisting her blandishments. She was to disappoint a crowded theatre for his sake. The beautiful creature who had turned the heads of half the beaux of the metropolis, was now at his side, all smiles and gayety. Intoxicating thought! It is sometimes almost fatal to be young. Volatile looked from the window. The white snow lay level and sparkling on the ground, and every roof and tree glittered in the frosty moonlight. The sound of sleigh-bells was unfrequent, for even the favorite amusement had been relinquished for the superior attractions of M<sup>lle</sup> L'Amour. This lady was passionately fond of sleighing. She ran to dress, while he went for his horses and sleigh.

Meanwhile the theatre was gradually filling. Pit, boxes, and gallery swarmed with eager crowds. As the time for the appearance of Angelique drew near, the excitement became intense. The curtain rang up, the house was hushed, and the manager came forward with a dejected air. 'Ladies and gentlemen: I am sorry to inform you, that severe sickness unhappily deprives M<sup>lle</sup> L'Amour of the pleasure of appearing before you this evening.' A murmur of disappointment and pity ran round the boxes. The pit and gallery, less sentimental and more prudent, desired the restoration of their money. The manager thought it politic to gratify them.

Volatile, highly elated, drove up to the door of his fair friend, and assisted her into his light sleigh. Away they flew — both of them in the highest spirits. Volatile chose an unfrequented road, for he knew he was enjoying a dangerous honor. They alighted at a country tavern, the smirking proprietor of which was perfectly unconscious of the celebrity of the lady whom he ushered into his little back parlor. The old landlady bustled about to make things tidy and comfortable, and put a thousand questions to Angelique, which were answered by her escort. Rejecting the landlord's offer of *flip*, Volatile called for champagne, and his fair companion appeared by no means reluctant to partake of it. Her spirits had reached the highest pitch of elevation when they reentered the sleigh. Volatile waved his lash over the heads of his horses, and they bounded off like frightened deer. While their master had been drinking cham-

paigne they had not been neglected, but, on the contrary, had been paying a practical compliment to the excellent grain of mine host of the Golden Ball. Angelique expressed a wish to drive.

'*You, Angelique!*' cried Volatile, in surprise and alarm: 'Why, you have never driven any thing faster than the wooden team in Cinderella. How can you expect to manage a pair of such fly-aways as these? You'll break your precious little neck, to say nothing of mine.'

But the beauty, like all beauties, was self-willed. Volatile gave her the reins, and she stood up in front. The little bays kept the track, of course; but they wanted a strong pull, and the lady's strength was inadequate to that. Volatile would have remained at her side to assist her, but she imperiously waved him back, and raised her whip. Fatal rashness! As the lash descended on the backs of the good little nags, they sprang almost out of the harness, and then ran for life. Volatile seized the reins, but he could not bring them up in time. There was a snow-bank in the way, and an upset was the inevitable consequence. His presence of mind did not forsake him. He stopped the horses, and then went to look for Angelique. The fair French woman was completely imbedded in the snow, but her friend very carefully extracted her. As soon as she regained her feet, she began to settle her drapery, and then she danced about on the shining crust till she had restored the circulation of her blood. As Volatile handed her into the sleigh again, he asked her if she should like to drive home, but she replied in the negative, and my friend restored her safely to her dwelling.

He was now more in love with her than ever. However, a circumstance soon occurred which somewhat damped his ardor for a time. He went into a jeweller's one day to purchase a watch trinket, when he was shown the identical diamond cross which he had presented to the French girl, and which the jeweller appeared anxious to dispose of.

'Mr. Volatile,' said the man, 'I can afford to sell you this cheap, for I got it under price myself. I bought it from an old French woman, the other day.'

My friend concealed his agitation, and asked leave to take the cross home with him, assuring the jeweller that he would either purchase it, or return it in the course of the day. Armed with this proof of her duplicity, he sought an interview with Angelique. She was all smiles. After conversing on indifferent topics for a while, Volatile suddenly drew out the diamond cross.

'Angelique,' said he, calmly, 'do you know this bauble?'

The lady blushed at the sight of the tell-tale cross, but recovering herself instantly, told a most piteous story of being distressed for money, dunned by dress-makers, and duped by managers. She excused herself with all the volubility of a French woman, and finally ended by modestly requesting a trifling loan. Volatile found fault with nothing but her anticipating an offer. He left with her the diamond cross, and all the money he had about him. Oh! strange infatuation of youth! Singular simplicity! Must the arm be palsied, and the heart be withered, before we can acquire experience?

Day after day witnessed Volatile's visits to the syren. He exhausted his allowance, borrowed of me, and wrote home for more. Poor Captain Volatile! Little did you, in the simplicity of your heart, imagine that your beloved son was preparing to present you with a French daughter-in-law! It was well that you were naturally of an unsuspecting temper: had it been otherwise, you would have actually expired with indignation. Volatile was so infatuated, that it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could save him. Had Angelique given him credit for the purity of heart which he possessed, he would have been ruined outright. One day, however, as he was sitting with his intended bride, a pretty little child ran into the room, and clasping the knees of Angelique, cried:

*'Ah! maman! combien je vous aime.'*

*'N'est elle pas jolie comme un ange?'* asked Angelique.

'Beautiful!' said Volatile: 'but why does she call you mother?'

'She is my child!' replied the unblushing Parisian. Volatile stared aghast. After sitting a few minutes longer, he arose and retreated to the door. He wished the lady 'good morning,' but it was an eternal farewell. He never saw her face again. And thus ended his nine days' delusion, and the reign of the French Dancing Girl.

#### THE LAND OF LOVE.

'Oh, Love!—no habitant of earth thou art!'—CHILDE HAROLD.

AND dost thou ask where Love is found  
Unchangeable and pure,  
And free from Passion's rankling wound—  
From human ills secure?  
If there's a land where Love's sweet lot  
Forever smiles, and changeth not?

Oh! do not ask—but look, and see  
If thou canst find a place,  
Where Love lives on in purity,  
Without a darkening trace  
Of selfish feeling on its name—  
Of sorrow's mists, to dim its flame.

Turn thee to the far southern land:  
Say, hast thou found it there?  
Boast *they* Love's smiling, rosy band,  
Without a thorn of care?  
No!—Passion's steps have o'er them been,  
To mar the beauty of the scene.

As flow the lava's burning waves,  
As bursts the earthquake-shock,  
So come the passions o'er their slaves,  
E'en like their own siroc—  
Blasting each flower its breath goes o'er,  
Breathing destruction to the core!

*England.*

And search through the luxurious East—  
Hast thou yet found the gem?  
Smiles it amid yon costly feast?  
Decks it that diadem?  
No! here the tyrant man looks down  
On woman, who should share his throne.

Gaze on the regions of the North:  
And in that chilly clime,  
Mark if the seraph shineth forth,  
Untinged by wo or crime:  
Ah! here, too, often sorrow flings  
Her gloomy fetters o'er his wings.

Not even in our own sweet isles  
Can we the spirit claim;  
Sometimes o'er us he gently smiles,  
With pure and holy flame:  
'T is but the glory of his eye,  
That looks on us in passing by.

Pure love is not of mortal birth,  
Nor oft to mortals given:  
Sometimes it waves its wings o'er earth,  
But oh! its *home* is heaven!  
There—human care and change above—  
There is the land of deathless love!

MARY ANNE BROWNE.

## NAMES OF TOWNS IN THE UNITED STATES.

## NUMBER ONE.

OUR countrymen have claimed for themselves an inventive genius superior to that of any other people. This may be true, so far as the mechanical arts are concerned; but when the imagination has been exercised in the invention of words, by which to designate the numerous cities, towns, villages, and rivers of our country, it is evident that there is a great deficiency of originality, as well as good taste.

The writer of these pages was accidentally led to notice this subject, while making some statistical researches, during the winter of 1835 and '36. The frequent occurrence of the same names in almost every state in the Union, was the cause of much perplexity, and induced him to examine the subject at length. This examination resulted in the following analysis of American names.

The people of ancient as well as of modern times designated their cities, towns, etc., by names peculiar to themselves. Every nation had a class of names as distinct as its language. These were seldom borrowed by others, as foreigners could not understand the meaning which was intended to be conveyed by them among the people with whom they originated. These names indicated the particular object for which the towns or cities that bore them were built, or to whose munificence they owed their origin and prosperity, if fortune had favored them with the latter. In other cases, they obtained their appellations from the peculiarities of their situation, or from the avocations of their inhabitants. The names of mountains, rivers, and other geographical divisions, were alike indicative of their situation.

The cities of ancient Egypt bore names which at once made known to what god or goddess they owed their protection, or whose fanes of devotion they had the honor and exclusive privilege of containing. The Hebrew names of cities, mountains, rivers, etc., were, in some way, connected with their history or location, or with the religious opinions of the particular tribes which inhabited them.

Greek and Roman appellations, also, originated from similar sources, or were more or less connected in their origin, with their mythology. Asiatic names, particularly those of Hindostan, indicate by their termination whether they designate a district, a city, a town, or a village; whether it is fortified; whether in a morass, on a hill, and other peculiarities in its situation. The origin of these may, perhaps, be attributed to the copiousness of the languages from which they are derived, as in them much may be expressed by a single word or termination. Many East Indian names can be traced to the Sanscrit language, in which their true meaning may be found. The same remarks will apply to other places in Asia, the original names of which are formed in its primitive languages.

European names also contain significant meanings in the languages of her aboriginal inhabitants, when they owe their origin to them; and although in their terminations they have been altered to suit the peculiar dialects of the people by whom they are now employed, are not unfrequently the medium through which may be

traced the character of the people who originally gave name to, and inhabited, the particular regions of country in question.

England, which was colonized by Normans, Danes, Saxons, Romans, etc., retains the names given by the descendants of these to the several parts occupied by them. The course pursued by the Teutonic, Gothic, and Celtic nations, from which sprang the present people of Europe, can be traced as well by the names they respectively gave to the countries through which they passed in their migrations, as by the more usual method of tracing the affinities of languages, or by an etymological analysis.

These remarks are made, to show how closely the names of places are identified with the history of the countries in which they are found. This is very far from being the case in our own country. How many names are there in the United States, which are employed to designate our numerous cities and towns, that convey a meaning expressive of any peculiarity connected with their situation or history? And how few there are, in proportion to the great number, derived from the aboriginal inhabitants!

It would seem that the first settlers of the Union were not satisfied with exterminating the lawful possessors of the soil, but in order that their memory might die with them, they altered the names which the aborigines gave to their country, and which were always expressive, for others, borrowed from foreign countries, wholly inapplicable to designate them. The Indian names were well calculated to perpetuate the memory of the several tribes, beside being more melodious in sound than the English ones. The copiousness of their languages, and the method of compounding words, enabled the Indian nations to express in a single word what we could only do in a dozen.

Who will deny that the ancient name of the island of New-York, *Manhattan*, is not more beautiful than that by which it is now known? Beside, it is a lasting monument of an event which must forever remain a foul blot upon the first Dutch navigators who landed on the island — an event but a prelude of what was to follow, and which, even at the present moment, is occurring in our western borders, as the march of the whites encroach upon the soil of the aborigines. Manhattan is derived from the Indian word *Manahactaniend*, which means '*The island where we all became intoxicated.*'\* Comment is unnecessary.

Nine only of our states have Indian names; the remainder are English or French. Our rivers have more generally retained the names by which they were known to the aborigines; but a city or town with an appellation of that character is extremely rare. In the eastern states, aboriginal names are more frequent than in other parts of the Union; but they merely designate small sections of country, where there were formerly Indian settlements, and have only been preserved by those in the immediate vicinity. Handed down from father to son, they will, in a few generations, become totally extinct, save where English names have not been substituted by public authority.

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\* See HECKWELDER on the Indian languages.



Although the subject is not an important one, yet, in a literary point of view, and as a matter of curiosity, the investigation of the names of American towns may not be entirely destitute of interest.

In New-England, the names of towns and counties are chiefly borrowed from Great Britain. It would seem that the puritan fathers were desirous of preserving some memento of the country from which religious persecution drove them, to seek an asylum among the wilds of America. Where there had been native settlements, the Indian names were for a while retained. Such was the case with Salem, Boston, and Providence. But the determination of the colonists was to eradicate every thing that perpetuated the native tribes, and the ancient names of Naumkeag, Shawmut, and Mooshasuck, gave place to those above-mentioned. Towns which received their names previous to the revolution, borrowed them from well known places in England. Those named after, were from the heroes and patriots who made themselves conspicuous during that contest. Worcester, Leicester, Gloucester, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Bristol, Warwick, Somerset, Cambridge, Chelsea, Newport, Northampton, etc., are of the former class, and among the latter, are Hancock, Adams, Warren, Greene, Washington, Franklin, etc. It was quite a fashion, in those primitive days, to prefix the word *new* to many of their towns, and although they have attained the age of two centuries, they still retain it. New-York will probably retain her name until she is as old as London is now, or perhaps until she has shared the fate of Rome and Carthage.

These names would do very well, did not every state in the Union resort to the same vocabulary; and in many instances several counties in the same state have selected the same name. This is not only bad taste, but it causes much perplexity, and obliges one to designate the particular county as well as state, in which the town is located. The state of Maine includes among her towns many named after the European states and cities, both ancient and modern. The names of the patriots of the revolution, Washington, Franklin, Hancock, Jefferson, Lee, Montgomery, Hamilton, and Adams, have been given to counties and towns in all of the New-England states. There is a Washington in each of them, and a Franklin in all, save one.

The great state of New-York — or the 'Empire State,' as it is called — seems to have ransacked the globe for appellations for her numerous towns. Every kingdom and empire has contributed its part. From the ancient kingdoms and states, she has borrowed Greece, Athens, Sparta, Troy, Jerusalem, Palmyra, Tyre, Utica, Corinth, Carthage, and Rome: Marathon and Macedon, also, have places among her towns. From the modern states, she has taken her Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Holland, Sardinia, Italy, Wales, China, Delhi, Peru, Chili, Mexico, etc., together with the following capitals: Stockholm, Petersburg, Copenhagen, Dresden, Berlin, Wilna, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Paris, Naples, Edinburgh, Lisbon, Madrid, Milan, Amsterdam, Turin, Geneva, Vienna, Florence, Antwerp, Warsaw, Batavia, Canton, Cairo, Lima, etc. Well may she be called the 'Empire State,' when the greatest kingdoms and empires, as well as their capitals, have places within her boundaries!

Not content with these, she has transplanted the names of their heroes, philosophers, law-givers and poets to her towns, and occasionally thrown in an Indian, French, and English name among them. The ancient names are, Homer, Hector, Lysander, Marcellus, Solon, Horace, Pompey, Brutus, Cato, Scipio, Hannibal, Romulus, Tully, Camillus, Manlius, Cincinnatus, Cicero, Seneca, Plato, Milo, Virgil, Fabius, Euclid, and Ovid! In scriptural names, she has an Eden, a Bethany, a Bethlehem, a Jericho, a Canaan, a Lebanon, a Hebron, and a Goshen!

Diana alone represents the ancient mythology — from which circumstance, one would suppose it to be meant for the Ephesian goddess of nature, denoting the nutritive power of the soil, as well as the mother of nations. The great men of England have contributed their part, and are as well represented as the learned of olden times. Scott, Byron, Milton, Dryden, Hume, and the unknown Junius, are each the appellations of her towns. All the revolutionary heroes, all the eminent statesmen, all the celebrated geniuses, and all the large land-speculators, have, with their names, added a link to the heterogeneous and conglomerated mass of counties, towns, and villages, which constitute the state of New-York.

The cities and towns in the middle and southern states are generally named from European places, or from the surnames of individuals, with the words, *town*, *field*, *boro'*, *ville*, etc., affixed to them. The names of distinguished Americans are common, as they should be, to all the states.

There is a county or town of *Washington* in every state and territory of the Union, except Delaware; and in the majority of them, there is both a county and a town of this name. The name of *Franklin* occurs twenty-one times, exclusive of numerous *Franklinvilles*, and *Franklintons*. *Jefferson*, *Madison*, and *Munroe*, including a few with the termination of *ville*, and *ton*, each occur from fifteen to twenty times. *Adams* nearly as many. *Jackson*, with the terminations, thirty-six times. *Hancock* and *Montgomery* are about as frequent as *Adams*. Distinguished generals appear to have the preference over philosophers and statesmen, in having their names given to towns. Twenty-five towns, some of which are places of considerable importance, bear the appellation of *Warren*; nineteen that of *Fayette* and *Fayetteville*; and the residence of the latter general, 'La Grange,' has been given to ten more. *Steuben*, *De Kalb*, *Pulaski*, *Knox*, *Lee*, *Macon*, *Jay*, *Pinckney*, and *Livingston*, have their places. *Columbia* is found in sixteen different states, exclusive of ten *Columbus's* and as many *Columbiana's* and *Columbiaville's*. *Frederonia*, *Freedom*, *Freehold*, *Freeman*, *Freeport*, *Freetown*, and other names commencing with *Free*, occur twenty-two times.

*Milton*, England's favorite bard, has not been sufficiently immortalized by the country that gave him birth. Sixteen towns in the United States feel pride in bearing his name.

The capitals and principal cities of foreign countries seem to have been favorite names with the founders, or the persons by whom our towns were christened. *Athens*, with which so many interesting events are associated, occurs eleven times; *Berlin*, eight; *Canton*, eleven; *Dover*, ten; *Dublin*, six; *Paris*, nine; *Troy*, eleven, and *Salem*, sixteen times.

The name of *Union*, including its terminations, is found to occur thirty-nine times; but as these notes were made a year ago, since when the mania for building towns and cities in the West has raged to an alarming extent, it would not be unreasonable to add some half dozen more *Unions* to the list. As it is, several states must contain two towns of the same name.

*Liberty*, so closely connected with *Union*, appears not to have been as attractive as the latter, ten towns only bearing the name, and *Independence* still less so, as it occurs but six times.

The name of the brave and lamented *Perry* has not been forgotten; nor would it be, if alone confined to him. Twenty-one towns now bear his name. *Clinton* is deservedly another favorite with his countrymen. His great work in the state of New-York has immortalized his name. Fourteen towns of the name are known in the country. *Centreville* is found seventeen times; *Springfield*, sixteen; *Richmond*, sixteen; *Brownsville*, fourteen; *Fairfield*, fourteen; *Concord*, twelve; *Manchester*, sixteen; *Kingston*, twelve; *Middleborough*, *Middlebrook*, *Middlebury*, *Middlefield*, *Middleford*, *Middleport*, *Middlesex*, *Middletown*, *Middleville*, and *Middleway*, collectively, occur fifty times.

Native animals have contributed their part in furnishing appellations for our towns, as *Elkhill*, *Elkhart*, *Elkhorn*, *Elkland*, *Elklick*, *Elkmarsh*, *Elkridge*, *Elkrum*, *Elkcreek*, *Elkgrove*, *Elkton*, and *Elkville*. Twenty-three places have names derived from *Buck*, nine *Buf-faloes*, six *Bulls*, ten *Beavers*, including those with *dam*, *kill*, *creek*, *valley*, etc., affixed: *Raccoon*, *Wolf*, *Swan*, *Sunfish*, *Eagle*, *Doe-Run*, *Crab-Run*, *Butterfly*, and other choice selections from animated nature, may be found.

Our noble forest trees have generously lent their names, and constitute no inconsiderable part of the innumerable array we have attempted to describe. The oak, in particular, is prolific with its appendages, occurring thirty-six times, in the following names: *Oakdale*, *Oakhill*, *Oakgrove*, *Oakham*, *Oakflat*, *Oakfield*, *Oakland*, *Oakorchard*, and *Oakville*. There are also places named after the *Cedar*, *Chestnut*, *Hickory*, *Locust*, *Maple*, *Mulberry*, *Cherry*, *Pine*, *Hazle*, *Poplar*, *Elm*, *Laurel*, *Butternut*, *Sycamore*, *Walnut*, and *Willow* trees, with and without terminations.

The name of *Greene* has contributed largely in furnishing appellations for our towns, both singly and with its numerous terminations. It occurs no less than eighty-five times, in *Greenfield*, *Greenford*, *Greenhill*, *Greenville*, *Greenock*, *Greenbush*, *Greenport*, *Greenriver*, *Greenboro'*, *Greenbury*, *Greenfork*, *Greenstone*, *Greenvalley*, *Greenwich*, *Greenwood*, *Greenmont*, *Greenland*, *Greenbay*, and *Greenbank*.

The name of *Smith*, as in *Smithfield*, *Smithford*, *Smithdale*, and with similar terminations to the name previously mentioned, occurs twenty-six times. *Sandwich*, *Sandhill*, *Sandplains*, *Sandbluff*, and names commencing with sand, are found forty times. *Pleasant*, with *Pleasant Valley*, *hill*, *mount*, *ridge*, *plain*, *vale*, *view*, and *village*, occurs forty-three times. *Williams*, with its terminations, thirty-five times. *Fairhaven*, *Fairplay*, *Fairport*, *Fairtown*, *Fairview*, *Fairgrove*, *Fairmont*, eighteen times. *Brown*, with the common terminations, thirty-nine times. *Wood*, with the usual terminations of

*land, lawn, bury, etc.*, and the unusual names of *Woodpecker* and *Woodcock*, forty-four times. *Belleville, Bellefonte, Bellevue, etc.*, twenty-eight times. *White*, with the terminations of *creek, deer, field, hall, haven, lake, house, land, ville, town, river*, and *White Horse, White Eyes, White Pigeon, White Post, etc.*, occurs fifty times. *Bloomingtondale, Bloomfield*, and words beginning with *Bloom*, twenty-two times. *Clarksville, Clarksboro', Clarkson*, twenty-nine times.

Towns and villages situated on hills or mountains are frequently named after celebrated mountains, but this class of names are equally used to designate places situated on plains. They seem to have been favorite names with those whose privilege it was to apply them. One hundred and twenty-six towns are found in the United States with names commencing with *Mount*. *Mount Vernon* occurs sixteen times. As specimens of others, may be selected *Mount Zion, Mount Pleasant, Mount Olympus, Mount Hope, Mount Jackson, Mount Washington, Tabor, Pizgah, Carmel, Gilead, Horeb, Lebanon, Israel, etc.*

The most prolific source, however, of American names, is that of old and foreign names, prefixed by the word *New* — as *New-London* and *New-York*. Of towns with this class of names, there are two hundred and fifty-seven. The following are examples of them: *Newark, Newport, Newton, Newcastle, Newcomb, Newbury, Newburg, New-Haven*: also, *New Egypt, New Paris, New Troy, New Jerusalem, New Sweden, New Britain, New Canaan, etc.* The latter few — which are but specimens of about two hundred — are certainly in very bad taste, and exhibit a want of information on the part of those by whom they were named.

The attempt to *Grecianize* modern names, has not been attended with success, and is the most ridiculous method yet resorted to. *Jacksonopolis, Perryopolis*, and a few others, are all that exist.

There is another variety of names which, for their singularity, should not be omitted in this list. Many may doubt their existence: all we know is, that there are places of these names, and that they are of sufficient importance to contain a Post Office. The same remark will apply to every place here mentioned. To designate the states where the following towns or villages are situated, would be useless; it is sufficient to say that they may be found. They are: *Horse-shoe, Split-Rock, Horse-head, Hat, Long-a-coming, One-Leg, Painted Post, Spread-Eagle, Thoroughfare, Traveler's-Rest, Wild-Cat, English Neighbor, Good Intent, Good-Luck, White-Horse, Half-Moon, Temperance, Economy, Harmony, Industry, Trinity, and Unity.* The most singular thing connected with the subject, is, that our country itself is destitute of a name, and our countrymen cannot assume to themselves the distinctive appellation which the natives of all other countries in the world are enabled to. Our country is called the *United States* — but there are the *United States of Mexico, the South American States*, and, in Europe, the *German and Italian States*. All of these, save the former, have a name — for we can say *Mexico, Columbia, Guatemala, Germany, Italy, etc.*; but by what name shall we call the *United States of North America?* What its natives? It is true, they are generally called *Americans*, but this is coming no nearer the mark, than to call an Irishman a Eu-

ropean : for persons born in Canada, Mexico, Columbia, Brazil, or Peru, are equally entitled to the name of American — in addition to which, they have a distinctive appellation, which designates the country of their birth.

Natives of this country, when in foreign parts, are only known as Americans, or natives of the United States of North America. It is true they are sometimes called Yankees, but this is a nickname, which only belongs to the people of New-England — a name given them by the aborigines. A few of the states are so named that their inhabitants may be designated — as a Virginian, a Vermonter, a Kentuckian, etc. Others it would be extremely difficult so to classify ; but nicknames have been invented as a substitute. For instance, natives of New-England are called Yankees, those of Ohio, Buck-eyes, etc.

In addition to the several varieties of names mentioned, there is another class which is deserving of notice. It originated from an intermixture between the French and Indian, and subsequently becoming Anglicized, is very difficult to analyze. In the north-western parts of our country, and on the northern frontier, where colonies were first planted by the French, these names are found. They spelt the Indian names according to the value of their own alphabet, and to accord with their pronunciation, which did very well while they employed them ; but when the Americans used the French words, with an English pronunciation, the Indian names were of course metamorphosed into words which neither people would acknowledge as belonging to their language.

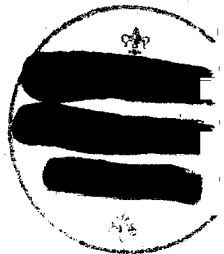
In this class of names, may be included those of Dutch origin in the states of New-York and New-Jersey. Many, it is true, retain their original pronunciation ; but to these we do not refer. Our remarks only apply to those which, from their similarity to English names, have become so by use.

Indian names, so frequently referred to in these remarks, we have purposely avoided mentioning, as they compose a class which requires a close analysis, and which is of sufficient importance to form the subject of another paper.

A. B. C.

#### WOMAN: AN EXTRACT.

THERE is a bud in life's dark wilderness,  
Whose beauties charm, whose fragrance soothes distress ;  
There is a beam in life's o'erclouded sky,  
That gilds the starting tear it cannot dry ;  
That flower, that lovely bloomed in Eden's grove,  
Shed the full sweets and heavenly light of love.  
Still, lovely Woman ! still thy winning smile  
That caused our cares, can every care beguile :  
And thy soft hand, amid the maze of ill,  
Can rear one blissful bower of Eden still.  
Thy warm and generous faith, thy patience meek,  
That plants a smile where pain despoils the cheek,  
These shall remain, when sorrow's self is dead,  
When sex decays, and passion's self is fled.



T.

## HAPPINESS.

## I.

Where doth Happiness abide?  
 Listen to the voice of Pride;  
 In the palaces of kings,  
 In the homes of Wealth and State;  
 In the halls where Fashion flings  
 Brightness o'er the gay and great;  
 In the feast, the bowl, the song —  
 In the dancers' giddy throng.

## II.

And do heads which wear a crown  
 Calmly sleep on beds of down?  
 All that glitters, is it gold?  
 Is it pleasure, all that smiles?  
 Doth the rose no thorn enfold,  
 Nor the goblet which beguiles,  
 Hold within its jewelled lip  
 Poison for the guest to sip?

## III.

Where may Happiness be sought?  
 Mark the student's brow of thought;  
 In the cloister's dim alcove,  
 Where no boisterous sounds intrude;  
 In the meditative grove —  
 In the shady solitude —  
 Where the leaves of ancient lore  
 O'er the mind their riches pour.

## IV.

And hath ancient lore a charm  
 Care and sorrow to disarm?  
 Learning's highest goal is won  
 When our ignorance she shows,  
 And our task is but begun,  
 When we deem it near its close;  
 Man may traverse Truth's broad sea,  
 But unknown its depths must be.

## V.

Where hath Happiness a seat?  
 Answer, warrior! In the heat  
 Of the conflict raging loud,  
 Where the ranks of foemen fall —  
 In the combat's fiery cloud,  
 Round the city's hostile wall;  
 In the camp, when battle's roar  
 Rolls along the plains no more.

## VI.

Doth excitement's hour possess  
 All the charms of happiness?  
 Can the streams of human gore  
 Wash away the stains of grief?  
 Can the voice of battle pour  
 Comfort for the heart's relief?  
 Can the strife of passion dwell  
 Where fierce passions aim at life.

## VII.

Where may happiness be found?  
 Let ambition answer! Bound  
 Captive at the chariot wheel  
 Of the noble and the strong;  
 When before him humbly kneel  
 Rival chiefs — a crouching throng;  
 When Ambition gains his ends,  
 Happiness his path attends.

## VIII.

Say, can Happiness abide  
 In the home of fear and pride?  
 Where the assassin's dagger gleams,  
 Where the poison-cup runs o'er —  
 Where the rival joyous seems,  
 While his treacherous heart is gore?  
 Where above the couch of ease  
 Hangs the sword of Damocles?

## IX.

Where hath Happiness a home?  
 Answer, thou who lov'st to roam  
 O'er the billows, seeking gain;  
 In the barque before the wind,  
 Bounding homeward o'er the main,  
 Treasure-filled from distant Ind;  
 Where the merchant may display  
 Wealth for Age's quiet day.

## X.

Hath the barque no storm to fear?  
 Doth no breaker threaten near?  
 Hath thy chart no doubtful rock  
 Traced upon its surface wide?  
 Dreadest thou no sudden shock  
 From the coral reef — the tide?  
 E'en though safe, thy riches may  
 Make them wings, and flee away.

## XI.

Where doth Happiness rejoice?  
 Listen to Religion's voice:  
 In the Christian's peaceful seat,  
 Where the virtues love to dwell —  
 Where Devotion's incense sweet  
 Mounts to Heaven in ceaseless swell;  
 There can Happiness alone  
 Build a firm and lasting throne.

## XII.

Luxury may charm awhile  
 With its faint, uncertain smile —  
 Learning's treasures may unfold  
 Transient joy and brief delight;  
 Battle's gory flag unrolled  
 May awhile the heart excite;  
 Wealth may smile, and curbless Power  
 Sleep on roses — for an hour.

## XIII.

If Religion's angel wings  
 Float around the halls of kings —  
 If above the student's page  
 Pass the whisperings of her breath —  
 If her gentle touch assuage  
 Demon thoughts in fields of death —  
 If the barque her form enfold,  
 If she sanctify the gold —

## XIV.

Then may Happiness await  
 Power within its halls of state,  
 And the student's cloistered cell  
 May become a bower of bliss,  
 And above the combat's yell  
 Sound the voice of Happiness;  
 Every home where Virtue reigns,  
 Peace and Happiness contains.



## THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

THAT very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was, that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And, before proceeding farther, I will merely hint, that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves; as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woful recollections.

'My dear old friends,' said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, 'I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study.'

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs, and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken book-cases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios, and black leather quartos, and the upper with little parchment duodecimos. Over the central book-case was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations, in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the book-cases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and could stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young

lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned: it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said — 'Forbear!'

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase, of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a wild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visage of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

'My dear old friends,' repeated Dr. Heidegger, 'may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?'

Now Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction-monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But, without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

'This rose,' said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, 'this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five-and-fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five-and-fifty years it has you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?'

'Nonsense!' said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. 'You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again.'

'See!' answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first, it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid,

appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a death-like slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full-blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dew-drops were sparkling.

‘That is certainly a very pretty deception,’ said the doctor’s friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer’s show: ‘pray how was it effected?’

‘Did you never hear of the ‘Fountain of Youth?’ asked Dr Heidegger, ‘which Ponce De Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of, two or three centuries ago?’

‘But did Ponce De Leon ever find it?’ said the Widow Wycherly.

‘No,’ answered Dr. Heidegger, ‘for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets, by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase.’

‘Ahem!’ said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor’s story: ‘and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?’

‘You shall judge for yourself, my dear colonel,’ replied Dr. Heidegger; ‘and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid, as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment.’

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and, though utter skeptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

‘Before you drink, my respectable old friends,’ said he, ‘it would be well that, with the experience of a life-time to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!’

The doctor’s four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea,

that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

‘Drink, then,’ said the doctor, bowing: ‘I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment.’

With palsied hands, they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more wofully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of nature’s dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor’s table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

‘Give us more of this wondrous water!’ cried they, eagerly. ‘We are younger — but we are still too old! Quick! — give us more!’

‘Patience, patience!’ quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment, with philosophic coolness. ‘You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service.’

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grand-children. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor’s four guests snatched their glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion! Even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table, three gentlemen of middle age, and a woman, hardly beyond her buxom prime.

‘My dear widow, you are charming!’ cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson day-break.

The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew’s compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner, as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness, caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne’s mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past,

present, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle-song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror, curt-seying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's-foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair, that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

'My dear old doctor,' cried she, 'pray favor me with another glass!'

'Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!' replied the complaisant doctor; 'see! I have already filled the glasses.'

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brim full of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset, that the chamber had grown duskier than ever; but a mild and moon-like splendor gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests, and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately-carved, oaken arm-chair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But, the next moment, the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares, and sorrows, and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost, and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings, in a new-created universe.

'We are young! We are young!' they cried, exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant foolishness of their years. The most singular effect of

their gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor, like a gouty grand-father; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an arm-chair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly — if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow — tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

'Doctor, you dear old soul,' cried she, 'get up and dance with me!' And then the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

'Pray excuse me,' answered the doctor, quietly. 'I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner.'

'Dance with me, Clara!' cried Colonel Killigrew. 'No, no, I will be her partner!' shouted Mr. Gascoigne. 'She promised me her hand, fifty years ago!' exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp — another threw his arm about her waist — the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grand-sires, ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shrivelled grand-dam.

But they were young: their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

'Come, come, gentlemen! — come, Madam Wycherly,' exclaimed the doctor, 'I really must protest against this riot.'

They stood still, and shivered; for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved arm-chair, holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand, the four rioters resumed their seats; the



more readily, because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

'My poor Sylvia's rose!' ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds: 'it appears to be fading again.'

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

'I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness,' observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke, the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chillness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a life-time been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

'Are we grown old again, so soon!' cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue as transient as that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin-lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

'Yes, friends, ye are old again,' said Dr. Heidegger; 'and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well — I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very door-step, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it — no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!'

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning, noon, and night, from the Fountain of Youth,

#### MARGARET: A FRAGMENT.

SHE was not very beautiful — perhaps  
It is not the most perfect form that wraps  
Always the loftiest soul, and her's was high,  
And bright, and stainless, as yon azure sky:  
Yet she was lovely! — 't was that loveliness  
That cometh from the spirit's pure excess  
Of ardent feeling — such her face had caught,  
And every feature glowed with the sweet thought  
That ever freshly from her heart would mount  
To her fair cheek, like to a ceaseless fount,  
That bubbles up amidst fair summer flowers,  
And keeps them sparkling still with its sweet showers;  
And those who saw her once, could ne'er forget  
The smiling face of that dear Margaret!

M.

## LINES.

As sun-wrought pageants on some westerling cloud  
 That shift, and shift, in ever changeful play,  
     Smote by the gilding beams,  
 Picture the gorgeous sky,

And lovelier seem than aught the earth can boast,  
 Though all beneath the summer tinted surface,  
     The bosom of the mist,  
 Is cold, and dark, and sad :

So pours my soul a thousand golden hues  
 Of fancy born, upon a vanishing world :  
     Nor heeds that all beneath  
 Is like the baseless cloud :

The imaged beauty doth not less delight,  
 Is not less real ; as it fades away,  
     Fresh, fairer visions rise,  
 And yield as true a bliss.

Columbia, (S. C.,)

E. F. E.

## THOUGHTS ON THE NATURE OF COMETS.

THE present age is characterized by new theories and speculations, and it is difficult to avoid imbibing a portion of its prevailing spirit. This fact, then, must be my apology for offering the following remarks on the nature of cometary bodies — a subject at present replete with uncertainty, and therefore presenting ample scope for the visionary and the theorist to hazard conjecture, which, in default of more safe and serious investigation, may serve to amuse, if it fail to instruct. Science appears to have paused in her pursuit of this subject, satisfied, apparently, with the triumph of having successfully predicted the path and the return of one comet whose orbit extends beyond our system — so far as our system is yet known to extend — and of two within it. In the mean time, the hypotheses of the ignorant will not be entirely useless, if they serve but to suggest a new fulcrum on which the lever of science may rest, or if they point out but the weight of an additional grain to increase the momentum necessary to move the world of doubt beneath which the truth is buried.

The subject at present is embarrassed with apparent contradictions. Down to the present day, the question remains *subjudice*, whether comets are solid, opaque bodies, or whether they are thin and transparent ; some of the learned contending that a perfect occultation of a fixed star occurs when a comet passes between it and the spectator's eye — others affirming that no such occultation takes place, but that the fixed star is visible through the nucleus of the comet. From this difference of opinion has arisen the monstrous supposition, that some comets are solid, and others vaporous — as if it were possible that bodies with natures diametrically opposite, could be governed by precisely the same law.

Scientific men have labored in vain to account for the embarrassing fact, that a vast body, drawing after it a train of 20°, 60°, and

even  $100^{\circ}$ , should not only produce no perceptible effect upon the motion of the planets near which it passes, but that such a body itself should be retarded in its exceedingly rapid course, and suffer an alteration in the diameter of its orbit, by the attraction of a single planet. The comet of Halley, in its return in 1759, was delayed in its approach to the sun, nearly one hundred days, by the attractive influence of Saturn, and nearly five hundred days by that of Jupiter. This fact has never been satisfactorily accounted for, and upon the supposition that comets are solid bodies, it is utterly inexplicable; for it would stand forth a solitary instance of opposition to all the known laws of motion by which the universe is governed. In this dilemma, astronomers are obliged to resort to the expedient of calling comets exceedingly small bodies, surrounded by a large and luminous atmosphere; but such a supposition becomes highly improbable, when we consider at what an immense distance their nuclei are visible.

Again: It is the property of opaque bodies to project a shadow into space. The light from the sun falling upon the heavenly bodies in lines nearly parallel, causes their shadow to extend to an immense distance. Thus we perceive that the size of the earth's shadow suffers comparatively but a slight diminution in its passage to the moon; and there is little doubt but that a partial eclipse of the latter body would occur, were she more than five times her present distance from the earth. Now, since the tail spreads off from the comet in *exactly the same direction* in which the nucleus should project a shadow, it would seem that, if the nucleus were opaque, it should render a portion of the tail immediately behind it dark: but such an appearance, as far as I have been able to learn, has never been observed, even in the largest of these bodies.

From these considerations, I am inclined to suppose that the nucleus, or star, of a comet is not a solid, opaque body, but rather *an accumulation in one point of the same matter as that of which the tail is composed, concentrated and coherent by the sun's attractions, or by some law resembling that which regulates chemical combinations and preferences*; and in that form—moving in vacuo, or nearly so—obeying the general laws of motion. This idea contains nothing improbable, or contradictory to the established theory of matter and attraction. Of whatever matter the tails of comets be composed,\* there is nothing absurd in supposing them to contain particles of greater or less density; and if so, it is perfectly reasonable to conclude that the attraction of the sun would act more powerfully on those denser particles, and draw them forward with greater force. This would necessarily have the effect of causing a conglomeration of such particles exactly in that part of the comet where the nucleus now appears. And it is equally reasonable to suppose, that the rarer particles, being less strongly impelled by the sun's attraction, should obey that impulse more slowly, and form themselves into a train behind the nucleus, the ratio of their density determining their position, till the extreme end would become so rare as to be no longer visible. This refers to the comet's passage toward the sun; the

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\* Of this anon.

same cause, however, to a certain degree, would operate on its return. As a comet approaches its perihelion, its velocity is of course immensely increased, and the tail being but faintly affected by attraction, receives, in the acute turn of its orbit, a more powerful impulse of centrifugal force, and therefore would move foremost in the comet's passage from the sun, though necessarily diminished in length : and such we find is always actually the fact.

The question then arises, of what kind of matter are comets composed ? There seems to be but one which can reconcile the apparent incongruity of size not exerting strong attraction on other bodies, or which can bear out the contradictory assertions of astronomers respecting the transparency or opacity of the nuclei of comets — and that one is, *electric fluid*, in that state in which it appears to us as the aurora borealis.

That the aurora borealis *is* electric fluid, rendered visible by the friction of the atmosphere, seems to be now scarcely doubted ; and we know that a spark from an electrical machine assumes the perfect appearance of a miniature aurora borealis in the nearly exhausted receiver of an air-pump. And when we consider that almost all bodies, by friction, become generators of electricity — that the whole surface of our globe is one great manufactory — so to speak — of electric fluid — it is evident that the immense quantity thus continually accumulating in the atmospheres of this and other inhabited worlds, must at length find some outlet — some safety-valve — to let off its superabundant streams. May not comets, then, afford the desired medium of keeping up the proper balance in this respect ? Arguments may be adduced, which go to prove that they do produce an effect upon our atmosphere, such as may be anticipated upon the supposition that these bodies are themselves electric. At all events, this supposition will enable us to account for many facts in natural philosophy, which otherwise appear to be perfectly enigmatical.

1. It appears, from researches made by M. Arrago, that those seasons in which comets have appeared, have been remarkably cold and unpleasant ; and it is certain that the past year has borne ample testimony to the general fact. In what way is this coincidence to be accounted for, unless by supposing that the comets collect from the atmospheres of the earth, and of the other planets which lie in their path, a large portion of the electric fluid, and, consequently, perhaps, latent heat which they contain ?

No slight force and probability are added to this supposition, by calling to mind what will readily be admitted by every one, that during the season which immediately preceded the last arrival of Halley's comet, a very unusual number of electrical phenomena appeared in our atmosphere. Rarely were such beautiful displays of the aurora borealis witnessed — seldom were so many accidents from lightning recorded. It is a remarkable fact, that the year just elapsed has been unusually deficient in these occurrences.

2. The astronomer Massarotti,\* considers comets capable of affording demonstration of a resisting medium in the heavens, and we may, without any very great stretch of the imagination, suppose the

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\* Vide Encyclopædia Americana — article 'Comets.'

atmospheres of the planets to extend, in a highly rarified state, till they unite with each other. As far as experiments on atmospheric air have yet enabled us to judge, it would almost appear that its elasticity is unlimited; and in the higher regions, where all pressure is removed from it, except that which proceeds from the attraction of the body which it surrounds, there seems nothing improbable in supposing that a single particle may be so attenuated as to cover a surface of several square miles, yet sufficiently dense to serve as a conducting medium for the electric fluid.

Under these suppositions, we may account for the increased length of tail which comets exhibit, as they approach their perihelion. Receiving, as they pass, accumulations of electricity from the planets, their volume becomes enlarged, at the same time their velocity being accelerated through this 'resisting medium,' or rarified atmosphere, *friction* is produced, sufficient to render the electric fluid more brightly visible.

There is still another fact bearing on this part of our subject. It was stated by some of the European astronomers, that in observing Halley's comet with powerful telescopes, an appearance of *three*, or, as others affirmed, *five* tails, was observed. On any other than the electric theory, this would seem quite unaccountable; and many, indeed, were inclined to think that the philosophers were either deceiving or deceived. But considering the subject in the light in which it is here presented, what is more probable than to suppose such tails or streams of light to be currents of electric fluid, passing off from the atmospheres of the nearest planets, and becoming visible as they approached the comet, in consequence of the increased velocity which proximity must produce?

3. Warm, moist air is a good conductor of electricity. Hence we find, that in the regions comprised within the torrid zone, thunder-storms are more frequent and more terrific than in higher latitudes. In connexion with this circumstance, looking upon comets as vast masses of electric fluid, it is not impossible that some light may be thrown upon the hitherto unexplained fact, that the tail of the same comet subtends a larger angle, when viewed from the equatorial regions, than it does from more northern or southern countries. The comet of 1768-9, as observed at Paris, exhibited a train of  $60^{\circ}$ . At the same time, from on board a ship between Cadiz and Teneriffe, it appeared to be  $90^{\circ}$ , and at the Isle of Bourbon,  $97^{\circ}$ . It is difficult to say in what manner a highly electric atmosphere magnifies the comet's tail, without producing the same effect upon the other heavenly bodies; yet looking upon them as homogeneous, the fact appears to wear a less formidable aspect.

The last circumstance to be adverted to, is the well-known fact, that while all the other bodies of our system move round the sun in *one* direction, the comets appear bound by no such restriction. Some are direct — some retrograde. This circumstance, if it has no other force, yet at least seems to militate against the probability of their being solid bodies — for if they were, why should they not follow the universal law by which all the bodies known to be solid are directed? And if they are not solid bodies, it will at least appear probable, that the matter of which they are composed is more likely to be electric fluid than any other with which we are acquainted. And if the

nucleus be a concentration of that fluid, attracted forward to one point by the influence of the sun, at one time so bright as to overpower the brilliance of a fixed star behind it, at another so faint as to allow its rays to pierce through, it will afford, what no other supposition can, a reason why astronomers have been divided in their opinions on this point, supposing the opinions of both parties to have been correctly formed.

If it be asked what becomes of the immense quantities of electricity carried off from the planets by the comets; it may be replied, in the language of the old-fashioned definition of a comet, 'It is the sun's fuel-carrier.' And it may be a literally correct definition. It does not appear that any absurdity is involved in the supposition, that the sun (particularly if light, as many suppose, is material,) is constantly giving out a portion of his substance to the surrounding orbs, and that the waste is repaired by the comets, which in their perihelion may give out to that body the stores which they have collected in their erratic wanderings. Certain it is, that on their return from the great luminary, they appear with diminished size, and less extent of tail; and there is no reason to be assigned why this should not proceed, in part at least, from the cause before mentioned.

The theory here adduced, like most other theories, does not admit of proof. Its highest boast is, that it has probability on its side, and that it enables us to reconcile difficulties in respect to the nature of comets, and their effects upon our atmosphere, which no other can. The writer does not expect to make converts to his opinions by these remarks, loosely thrown together: he will be perfectly satisfied, if he succeeds in drawing attention to the subject, leaving it to more able hands to finish the structure of which he has merely drawn a rough and undigested plan.

J. H. C.

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#### THE CONSCRIPT.

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'We! for the land thou tramplest o'er,  
Death-dealing fiend of war!'

WETMORE.

INFOLDED in a gory sheet,  
They bear him to his shallow grave,  
While mournfully the war-drums beat  
A martial requiem for the brave:  
The corse in earth is duly laid,  
And prayer by holy man is made;  
The faint red beams of parting day  
Shine on survivors of the fray,  
Whose manly hearts with sorrow swell,  
While muskets thunder out—farewell!

Morn gilds the grave of Valor. Birds  
Are trilling songs in copsewood nigh,  
That match in sweetness pleasant words  
First caught by lisping infancy.  
Is that a form of blood and flesh  
Extended on the hillock fresh,  
While gleam the liquid pearls of night  
Amid her tresses long and bright?  
It is the mother of the slain—  
Her heart will never break again!

H.



## THE ALCHEMIST.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

## I.

Thou say'st, poor aged alchemist, thy power  
 From metals base the glowing gold can bring;  
 The joys years steal away, thou canst restore —  
 By secret arts renew life's lovely spring.  
 Lo! take my treasures; let them serve thy art;  
 My soul believing, turneth, sage, to thee:  
 Let each preserve the idol of his heart —  
 The gold be thine — give back my youth to me!

## II.

Work on in silence o'er the mystic blaze,  
 Or question else some page of ancient lore;  
 Thy art is sure; here with united rays  
 Flash in this cup the golden streams of yore.  
 Thine eyes upon the flame — what dreams! e'en now  
 The smile of favoring fortune dost thou see?  
 Roses alone I crave — to crown my brow —  
 The gold be thine — give back my youth to me!

## III.

Drunken with hope, what fancy fires thy brain?  
 Thou call'st on kings to bow at wealth's proud shrine:  
 'Treasures more vast than e'er beyond the main  
 Pizarro, Cortez won, shall soon be mine!  
 How full of vaunting pride thy words are grown!  
 Thou who of late didst live on charity!  
 Ambitious! buy the sceptre and the crown —  
 The gold be thine — give back my youth to me!

## IV.

Yes! give it back with all my poverty —  
 Give to my soul a frame more strong and bold;  
 This load of sad experience take away —  
 Give to my heart, blood generous as of old.  
 Then hastening from thy palaces of pride,  
 Thy pompous cars and couches, thou may'st see  
 My happy slumbers by the greenwood side —  
 The gold be thine — give back my youth to me!

## V.

What riches may be worth, I know full well,  
 Yet, yet I love — and oft have felt a dread  
 To see the girl my heart holds dearest, tell  
 On her fair fingers o'er, our years long sped;  
 It is the sun that sits on her brown cheeks,  
 'Tis in the summer-time love's smiles are free:  
 She whom I love hears not when fortune speaks,  
 The gold be thine — give back my youth to me!

## VI.

Within the crucible what dost thou feel?  
 Nothing! Thou art more poor and I more old.  
 'No, no!' thou say'st, 'to-morrow, with fresh zeal,  
 Begin anew! then sure success we hold.'  
 Thy dream is false, old man! yet love I so  
 The sweet delusions, still I cling to thee,  
 Though gathering wrinkles throng my naked brow.  
 The gold be thine — give back my youth to me!

## THE MARINE FREEBOOTER:

AN AUTHENTIC STORY OF ROBERT KIDD, AND HARLEY, THE LONG-ISLAND WRECKER.

‘My name was Robert Kidd,  
As I sailed.’

Who has not heard of Captain ROBERT KIDD? What man, with a spice of superstition in his nature, has not listened, when a boy, with a strange interest, to many various and highly spiritual traditions concerning him? A most remarkable man was that same pirate, who for so long a period evaded the pursuit of both England and her American colonies, until at last, in the year 1699, if I remember aright, he was captured, and sent by Lord Bellamont a prisoner to His Majesty, at London, where, ‘at Execution Dock,’ he was executed, in atonement for divers robberies and murders committed by him on the high seas, ‘as he sailed.’ I record below one of the traditions of this world-renowned freebooter, which was related to me by a firm and solemn believer in its reality — one, moreover, who possessed a sound and comprehensive mind, in union with the strictest religious principles.

Kidd, as is well-known, was supposed to have buried vast quantities of money, much of which is still believed to sleep in the bowels of the earth, along various portions of the Atlantic coast. After his death, numerous attempts were made to recover it, by effecting a resurrection among the iron chests of specie, and yellow bars of gold. It is supposed that the bulk of his spoils was deposited on the shores of New-Jersey and Long-Island, and the margin of Connecticut River. He always selected some shadowy and romantic spot, far away from the busy settlements of the whites, whither he repaired, under cover of a nocturnal storm, to commit his wealth to the guardianship of the earth, and the magic power which he so enchantingly flung around it.

Long-Island has long been famous for the number of wreckers who infest its coasts.\* This class of people made it their business to decoy vessels among the breakers, by elevating false lights, and so disguising the genuine beacons, as to throw all the ship-commanders into doubt and confusion. These schemes were more particularly resorted to, when the heavens portended a furious gale, and the wind blew strongly toward the land. The wreckers, with their vagabond families, usually resided in miserable huts, near the beach, screened by the shadow of some impenetrable wood, or still more impenetrable wild and rocky upland. Their plunder, which consisted of specie, silks, satins, broadcloths, barrels, etc., was buried on the seashore, above high-water mark, and there suffered to remain until the underwriters had made sale of the wreck, when they were transported to New-York, and disposed of at the various junk-shops, etc., which have for so long a time infested the city.

‘Jim Harley,’ as he was familiarly termed, had from his youth pursued this most unworthy occupation. His father, who had been

\* Its reputation in this respect is but little diminished. Witness the scenes attending the recent wreck of the Bristol. EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

similarly engaged for fifty years, bred his only child to follow his only profession. Many a noble ship has Jim Harley drawn to destruction, the loss of which was charged upon its commander, and to his want of skill and care in its management. The wrecker resided in a quiet valley, which ran retiringly up from the beach of the ocean, and served as a pathway for a busy little stream that came tumbling and foaming down its declivity. It was a cool, romantic spot, and so narrow, that the trees which lined the summit of each hill, threw their green foliage together, shutting the beams of day from below, and casting all the objects there into a dim and uncertain twilight. Harley was a hermit, and though not perhaps a poet, he had nevertheless a most exquisite ear for the voice of nature. The solemn, eternal anthem of the deep was ever pealing, in varied thunder, in his ear; and he had at least sufficient knowledge to divine the prospect of the coming storm or calm, from the changing tone of the winds.

It had for many months been a dull and indolent life with the wrecker. The heavens had worn a continual serenity, and each succeeding day there was a pleasant seaward breeze. Not a sail bore in sight, to fix his wandering eye, save now and then one that glided like a speck on the distant verge of the horizon. He lounged about his rustic hut, watching his children as they climbed the slopes of the valley; and he prayed within himself that the whirlwind and the storm might once more be loosed, to sweep in death and destruction on their pitiless path.

One evening, during the summer solstice, a most tremendous gale arose, such as had never before been known. The sun sank the preceding evening round and red, and ere it kissed the trembling deep, became completely wrapped in a dun bank of clouds. The wrecker's eyes brightened, as he looked upon this ominous robe of the sky, and he immediately proceeded to gather his hooks, ropes, boats, etc., that they might be ready for use, if suddenly necessary. As night came on, the tempest gathered wilder and more fierce, and the winds blew directly toward the land. The breakers, which ran far out from the beach, in front of the wrecker's hut, threw their foam, white as milk, midway in the heavens, and threatened instant destruction to any vessel which might be caught within their reach. The wrecker went out on the upland, and hoisted false beacons upon the trees; and, more successfully to imitate a revolving light, 'hobbled' a horse, and suspended a lantern to his neck. In short, he left nothing undone to secure the ruin of his victims, and was now fully prepared to plunder them of the last garment the waves might in mercy spare them.

Harley had stationed himself on a small promontory, and with a spy-glass in his hand, caught a hurried glance of the raging ocean, as the quick flashes of lightning suddenly lit up the horrors around him. He saw innumerable ships rolling and plunging afar in the main, and presently caught a glimpse of a sail rushing full and fair toward the breakers. He raised his glass again — the heavens flamed up — and lo! she was painted as black as the night itself. Above, her sails were snowy white, while below, the milky and curling crests of an infinity of billows gave the craft a strange and startling appearance.

The wrecker, however, viewed her closely, and finally concluded that she must be a piratical craft, and that her destruction would be a benefit not only to himself, but to the world at large. As she neared the breakers, he trembled; for he fancied he already heard the crash and the shriek — the mast crack like steel, and disappear in the foaming abyss. Another flash, and she was just driving on! He wiped his telescope, and elevated it once more — but it fell suddenly from his hands upon the earth. What did he behold? The ship was gliding through the terrific surge around her — her sails all set — her masts standing firm — and yet she dashed along, leaping the billows, apparently wholly unconscious of the dreadful tumult and danger which beset her. The wrecker's superstitious fears were now awakened. Like all who follow nautical pursuits, he had an abundance of the supernatural in his composition. At first, he imagined it might be the terrible genius of the storm itself, careering to and fro, and superintending the raging winds and waters. Of all the breakers on the Long-Island coast, those which spread out before him had always been considered the most terrible. He had seen a vessel disappear like a bubble, as it touched their frowning border; a common skipper could not navigate even his light vessel among any portion of them; and yet he beheld this phantom-ship playing among them, and running onward toward the shore, as smoothly and freely as if she were buoyed up and guided by invisible wings.

Soon after the wrecker dropped his telescope, the winds began to lull — the clouds to break and scatter from the west — and the deep thunder, which had so long muttered hoarsely through the sky, was now but faintly reverberating along the eastern hills. A tranquil serenity was imparted to the scene by the light of a full moon, which suddenly burst forth, and streamed in long columns of radiance over the rolling waves. The sable vessel was now plainly visible, and it was discovered that she had run up under the faint shadow of a rocky bluff, her masts just tipped with the bright yet mellow beams of the moon.

The wrecker hurried down to the spot and concealed himself, but presently became wholly enraptured with the songs of the jovial sailors. They were indeed a merry, roystering crew, and extremely comical in their costume. They were attired in uniforms of blood-red, without a thread or patch to relieve the harmonious simplicity of their garb. Their sides were fully equipped with cutlasses and pistols, whose sheathings, being richly bound and inlaid with silver and gold, glittered and flashed with a rich brilliancy. Their heads were covered with conical caps, at the peak of which flaunted a long tassel. Their breeches reached to their knees, where they were met by a heavy pair of top-boots, and a kind of doublet that served as a coat, which was tightly bound around them by a long row of heavy buttons.

Harley thought them the most eccentric little crew he had ever had the honor of meeting on those shores. He was somewhat startled at their curious aspect; and at last the little merry company became so tumultuous, that the bays and hills fairly echoed back their carousings. The glass circulated freely, and the wrecker's mouth grew unusually moist, as the wine sparkled, and the bottom of their glasses were turned toward the moon. He was just on the point of eleva-

ting his telescope, to take a closer survey of their apparent hilarity, when the thunder and smoke of a broadside from the vessel shook the hill, and he dropped like a log to the earth. He screamed, and affirmed that he was a dead man; but found, on stirring himself, that he was yet the same old wrecker, as wicked and as well as ever.

This appeared, on examination, to be nothing more than the signal of the captain to suspend the festivities, and form themselves in order for the duty which was about to follow. When Harley arose, the songs were hushed — the wine had disappeared — and all the crew vanished, save a couple of sentinels, who were solemnly pacing back and forth, amid the chequered shadows of the ship.

Another broadside ensued, when the wrecker observed a man of giant stature, armed to the teeth, preceding a single file of about fifty men. What particularly arrested his attention, was the great contrast in the costume of the former, which was to the full as black as that of the latter was blood-red. They were paraded across the ship in double columns, and down a wide plank, the outer end of which rested upon the beach. The chief stationed himself at the head of his band, and giving a signal, they all commenced passing small bars of gold and silver, and laying them nicely in a pile on the shore. Next in order came a quantity of small kegs, bound strongly with iron hoops; and last of all, a varied collection of silver plate, with pitchers and goblets of the most exquisite workmanship. The yellow heaps of the pure metal, shining in the moonbeams, had such a magical influence upon the wrecker, that he was nigh to faint, and was only prevented from that foolish act by his overwhelming fear. He however determined to ascend a noble tree which stood near him, and trust to its heavy foliage to screen him from this company of spirits. So up he mounted, and sat quietly awaiting the issue.

But what was his surprise, on beholding the very crew themselves moving along in couples, each carrying on a barrow a portion of the gold and other treasure which lay upon the beach! — and yet how much more was he surprised, as they all rested their burthens in a circle around the very tree to which he had fled for safety! His hair stood on end, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' and his knees trembled as do the aspen leaves in the forest.

Not a word was spoken by the band who had so mysteriously assembled. The chief soon arrived, and by a wave of his sword, disposed his men in a still wider circle around the spoils. He then walked into the centre of the ring, lifted his sword again, when two of his band stepped forth and commenced digging a pit in the earth. This being accomplished, the gold was deposited within it, and a slight covering of moist loam was sprinkled over it.

Harley's spirits now began to rise rapidly, and he was quite confident that, if not discovered, he would be the richest man on the island before another twelvemonth had rolled over his head. Still, his situation was an uncommonly disagreeable one, and he would gladly have relinquished a small fortune, to have been liberated from his bondage.

His musings were all at once disturbed by the sharp crack of a pistol, and the sudden start it effected among his ideas, gave the foliage of the tree a very injudicious motion, considering the pecu-

liar situation in which he was placed. He cast his eyes below, and there beheld one of the spirit crew apparently lifeless upon the earth; and what caused him to look with yet more wonder, was the fact, that the corpse had been cast, just as it was shot, into the pit, among the bars of gold. The earth was then replaced, and the ground so nicely and delicately sodded over, that no eye, save the wrecker's, could ever detect any thing unnatural in the soil.

After all was complete, the whole crew locked hands, and danced around the spot, muttering a long, low chant, in unintelligible language, that rather amused Harley, than otherwise. Each one then described some strange characters over the spot, and this appeared to be the concluding scene of this tragedy and comedy; for immediately afterward, they formed themselves again in order, raised their barrows, and took up their march for the vessel.

Harley thought it would perhaps be advisable to retreat from his eyrie, as he did not wish to be inquisitive nor curious in other men's matters; and it was quite possible the blood-red crew might make the tree another visit for the same special purpose. He therefore very quietly descended, and crept cautiously toward the beach, that he might see the vessel safely off to sea again; for he had taken a very sudden affection for the captain and his men, and really wished within himself that no harm might befall them, or the snug little vessel which so gallantly wafted them through the tempest.

But the success of their escape was rendered quite doubtful. Many ships and brigs were lying out at sea, in a dead calm, which would undoubtedly be attending to the movements of the strange vessel. The wrecker disposed himself quietly in the shadow of a large sycamore, and watched with intense interest the operations which were in progress below. There the craft lay, as easy as a swan upon the waters, with all her sails closely reefed, and her delicate rope-rigging thrown into silver and ebony, by the lights and shades that fell upon it. A solitary sentinel, with his gun firmly braced against his shoulder, paced with a regular and solemn tread the narrow deck, and his footsteps echoed back from the curves and bays that scalloped along the beach. Harley had just relapsed into one of those delightful reveries which so calm the soul, when another broadside burst upon the serenity of the scene, and scattered his splendid creations to the winds.

The vessel immediately rounded off, under bare poles — without a rag of canvass spread — and cut her way through the breakers before her, leaving in her track a long line which shone like fire. Without wind or towing — in the dead calm of the night — like a spirit of life, she 'walked the waters,' and made off into the open sea. The wrecker watched her as long as a speck was visible, and with such astonishment and wonder depicted in his countenance and demeanor, that he was indeed a model of fear and doubt. When, at last, he recovered, and ascertained beyond doubt that he was yet in his sublunary abode, he thought again how short would be the time before he — James Harley, Esq., — could pronounce himself the richest man on all Long-Island.

Upon mature consideration, he came to the conclusion that he would not disturb the bars of gold until the subsequent evening,



when the mineral-rod, steel-rod, spades, etc., should all be prepared. Another thing, indispensable on such occasions, was a suitable person who could work the rods, which was no common 'gift.' Sam Rowe was the seventh son, and born, moreover, with a veil over his face. He was a gentleman whom the wrecker thought might answer his purpose exactly, and he therefore concluded to invite him on the occasion.

Let the reader imagine, if he pleases, Sam and Harley all 'armed and equipped,' and wending their way toward the tree where the strange characters deposited their treasure. Let him conceive also — which was the fact — that both were absolutely trembling with fear; for all who are in the least acquainted with the history of money-diggers, know them to be the most superstitious of all men. The rustling of a bush — the quiver of a leaf — the wind — in fact, *every* object which they beheld or heard, threw them into convulsions, and sent the cold sweat in beaded drops to their foreheads.

At last, they arrived at the fearful spot. Preparations were made, and the mineral-rod was put in motion, to ascertain if the gold had *moved* or not. Finding all right, the steel-rod was run down above it, to keep it in its place. A few strange sayings for such occasions were made use of, to intimidate Satan, who often makes it convenient to visit such spots when they are molested by any one. All being arranged, Sam pushed down his slender rod into the loose soil, and had the gratification to hear it chink among the yellow bars of gold. Harley commenced digging, cautioning his companion to bear hard upon the rod, lest the whole, in a moment, should *move*. Matters proceeded exceedingly well, until they were almost down, when they overheard such a rushing of wind among the trees — such a fall and roar of waters — such a thundering and trembling of the whole earth — that they both shook like the leaves above them. But Sam, who had witnessed such scenes before, remained unmoved, and clung still closer to his rod; as he had always heard it declared, that it was not in the power of the spirits to inflict any actual harm. He told the wrecker, as well as he was able, not to be frightened, but to stand firm to his work, cool and composed, as *HE DID!* They finally resumed their labors, but had only cast up a few more shovels-full of earth, when countless numbers of blue balls arose from out the pit, and after soaring afar in the quiet sky, burst with a loud explosion, showering down sparks upon them, and filling the whole air with a flavor much like brimstone. Harley then thought of Satan — and as he had no disposition to encounter his august majesty, he dropped his spade, and glided off through the moonlight with inconceivable rapidity; and it was not without much eloquent persuasion, that Sam induced him to return again to his labor.

The third attempt was now made, and matters proceeded quite smoothly for a few moments; but what was their astonishment, when, on casting their eyes upward, they beheld a large round mill-stone suspended from a limb of the tree by a mere thread, that threatened every instant to snap in sunder. Neither looked twice, but both fled as if their lives depended upon their celerity, while the rod, which Sam had held so long, flew like a flash into the heavens, and disappeared forever. Their fears having in some measure died away,

they halted on a gentle slope, and while yet trembling in their garments, a loud swell of vocal music burst forth on the night air from beneath the sycamore that shadowed the haunted spot, and the words, which were distinctly audible, were these :

' My name was Robert Kidd,  
As I sailed, as I sailed ;  
My name was Robert Kidd,  
And so wickedly I did,  
As I sailed !'

The whole mystery was at once explained. The strange vessel, and the yet stranger crew, were now identified ; and had the wrecker only sooner known the nature of the beings with whom he had been dealing, he could have saved himself all his trouble : for all Long-Island well knew that it was utterly impossible ever to disturb the buried treasures of Robert Kidd. By him alone, or some one of his pirate crew, could they be recovered.

H. H. R.

#### LINE S:

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE SHAKER SETTLEMENT, NEAR ALBANY.

MYSTERIOUS worshippers!  
Are ye indeed the things ye seem to be,  
Of earth — yet of its iron influence free —  
From all that stirs  
Our being's pulse, and gives to fleeting life  
What well the Hun has term'd ' the rapture of the strife ?'

Are the gay visions gone,  
Those day dreams of the mind, by fate there flung,  
And the fair hopes, to which the soul once clung  
And battled on ;  
Have ye outlived them ? All that must have sprung  
And quicken'd into life when ye were young ?

Does memory never roam  
To ties that, grown with years, ye idly sever,  
To the old haunts, that ye have left forever —  
Your early homes ?  
Your ancient creed, once faith's sustaining lever,  
The lov'd, who erst pray'd with you — now may never ?

Has not ambition's pæan  
Some power within your hearts to wake anew  
To deeds of higher emprise — worthier you,  
Ye monkish men,  
Than may be reap'd from fields ? — do ye not rue  
The drone-like course of life ye now pursue ?

The camp — the council — all  
That woos the soldier to the field of fame —  
That gives the sage his meed — the bard his name  
And coronal —  
Bidding a people's voice, their praise proclaim :  
Can ye forego the strife, nor own your shame ?

Have ye forgot your youth,  
When expectation soared on pinions high,  
And hope shone out, in boyhood's cloudless sky,  
Seeming all truth —  
When all look'd fair to fancy's ardent eye,  
And pleasure wore an air of sorcery ?

You, too! What early blight  
 Has wither'd your fond hopes, that ye thus stand,  
 A group of sisters, 'mong this monking band?  
 Ye creatures bright!  
 Has sorrow scored your brows with demon hand,  
 Or o'er your hopes pass'd treachery's burning brand?

Ye would have grac'd right well  
 The bridal scene — the banquet, or the bowers  
 Where mirth and revelry usurp the hours —  
 Where, like a spell,  
 Beauty is sovereign — where man owns its powers,  
 And woman's tread is o'er a path of flowers.

Yet seem ye not as those  
 Within whose bosoms memories vigils keep:  
 Beneath your drooping lids no passions sleep,  
 And your pale brows  
 Bear not the tracery of emotions deep —  
 Ye seem too cold and passionless to weep!

C. C.

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 THE PORTICO.
 

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 NUMBER FIVE.
 

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'Credite, Pisones, iste tabulæ fore librum  
 Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ  
 Finguntur species.'

HORACE.

MAN, in the exercise of those native powers of speech bestowed upon him by his Creator, after passing out of that state of ignorance and savagism in which he could utter only those interjections and exclamations, which are mere natural cries, significant of the passions and emotions which occupied his mind, and in which he is equalled, if not surpassed, by inferior animals, would proceed to designate, by articulate sounds and modifications of voice, the objects around him, together with their actions or operations upon each other. Hence the evident soundness of Aristotle's opinion, that the nouns or names of things, and the verbs expressive of their actions and passions, would be the first parts of speech used by our race in the transmission of their thoughts, as they continue ever afterward the most important constituents in the machinery of language. To these all the other elementary parts are added in the progress of human improvement, and language attains a perfection and refinement, which render it a finished vehicle for the conveyance of the profoundest demonstrations of reason, the most remote discoveries of science, the sublimest flights of imagination, and the most delicate shades of thought and perception. Nor need we wonder, that commencing from such few and simple materials and scanty supplies, amidst the interminable progression of civilized nations in knowledge and the arts, we should at last find it, in its most finished state, exhibiting a consummate skill and contrivance in its construction, reducible to precise and established rules and analogies, and while retaining a similarity of outline among all nations, so as to lay a foundation for the principles of general grammar, yet so flexible in its minuter parts

as to become susceptible of an admirable adaptation to the wants, occupations, pursuits, and improvements, of each peculiar people to whose uses it is applied. Why should it be thought incredible, or even wonderful, that mankind should display judgment or skill in this production of their ingenuity, when they act under the guidance of nature, or rather under the direction of his hand and supervision of his eye, whose skill is more consummate than we can conceive, and whose wisdom and power are infinite? Does not the great Contriver lead his creatures unerringly by their instincts and propensities in the pursuit of wholesome aliments, the gratification of their appetites and passions, the construction of commodious habitations for themselves, and the propagation of their species? What power is it that leads the ant to make provision in summer for the inclement season of winter—the bee to procure and garner its honey in the comb—and the beaver to contrive its cell? And when the poet, by his invention, gives rise to his dramatic or epic production, in the outset of his enterprise, and before art has furnished him lessons, what other instructor but nature enables him to produce his Iliad or Odyssey? Shall that power which, in the course of its operations, can elicit the exquisite contrivances of the human frame, and of all animated creation, as well as the order and harmonious movements of the planetary system, be thought incapable of conducting mankind to the formation of a finished language, whatever may be the regularity of its laws, and the exactness of its adaptation to its uses? I conclude, therefore, upon a review of the whole argument in its favor, as well as by many other considerations which might be readily adduced, which would leave scarcely any room for hesitation, or a hinge upon which a doubt might hang, that man is the inventor, improver, and perfecter of both spoken and written language, in all its stages of improvement and perfection.

We are now prepared for an investigation of the next subject of inquiry, what are the various forms of style which come under the designation of fine writing, and what are faulty and exceptionable? We have already remarked, that every species of composition, to merit this first distinction, must be characterized by good sense, sound knowledge, just sentiments, a faithful conformity to truth and nature, and where wit, pleasantry, and merriment are attempted, must be restrained within the bounds of probability and verisimilitude. When solid and useful materials are presupposed, the qualities which will recommend works to perusal, are a simple elegance of expression, or what Horace denominates, a style *simplex munditiis*; propriety and correctness in the selection of terms to convey our ideas, or the use of those terms which have been sanctioned by the best authorities; clearness and precision, without which properties our conceptions are dimly discerned, and finally, strength and descriptiveness, which depend upon the frugal employment of words, and the force and fertility of the imagination. There is an ineffable charm in perfect simplicity, when it is connected with elegance of thought and diction; so that the writer seems to pour forth his conceptions without reflection or artifice from the overflowing abundance of his own resources; and if there be richness, beauty, or sublimity in his conceptions, they appear to be the spontaneous productions

of the soil. The judicious selection of words, and the proper employment of figures, appear to be the two requisites in good writing, in regard to which authors of inferior merit are most apt to err, and concerning which, the greatest skill, management, and address, are to be displayed. The words and phrases selected should be pure and genuine English, or such as have been incorporated into our literature by the practice of the best authors. Nothing can be more offensive to a correct taste, than the pedantry and affectation displayed by some authors, when they interlard their style with those quotations from the French, which, of late years, have taken the place of references to the Greek and Latin classics, so frequent soon after the revival of learning in Europe. Our tongue is now so copious and flexible, that we can never be at a loss to transmit every shade of thought and modification of feeling, without any recurrence to foreign help. If Swift and Addison, in their times, complained of this innovation, and reprobated the attempt to corrupt the purity and impair the beauty of their own speech by French phrases, what would be their dissatisfaction, could they witness the license assumed in this respect by many writers at the present day? The two great and distinguishing imperfections of English composition, at this time, are, on the one hand, an excessive intermixture of French phrases with our native speech, and an incessant propensity to shine in superfluous ornament. Recent writers too generally endeavor to make amends for solid matter and just conceptions, by the spangles of French quotations, striking illustrations, and sparkling imagery.

One of the sensible correspondents of Miss Hannah More observes to her, that she and Mr. Burke were the only writers of her day who seemed to understand the proper use of metaphors; and perhaps he here suggests one of the least fallible tests, save that of the ideas themselves, by which an able author may be discriminated. Very few persons are expert in the employment of metaphors, which require as much nicety in the management of the pen, as the laying on of coloring does to the painter. They are almost always either too profusely developed, or too unskillfully mingled, producing confusion in the picture — originating at first in the barrenness of language, and the want of terms to express abstract ideas and invisible feelings of the mind, the figures of speech are soon found to afford entertainment to the imagination, and thus the pleasure they occasion betrays mankind into a too liberal indulgence in them. It is not until a community arrive at the highest perfection in science and letters, that they learn to pronounce a correct decision in regard to the degree of embellishment which should be admitted into their discourse and writings. And it is a point of no small difficulty to the rhetorician, to ascertain at what stage in our progress the highest degree of legitimate ornament terminates, and where excessive decoration begins. When should we begin to be figurative, and when should we be contented with plain language? When do these embellishments assist in the communication of thought, and when are they injurious and objectionable? — are questions which nothing but a correct taste can solve, and are scarcely to be determined by precise rules. Whole nations have differed in their sentiments upon the subject; the glowing imagination of people in the East, and warmer latitudes, where their

temperaments are more ardent, allowing a richer imagery than would be relished or tolerated by nations, whose constitutions are cooled and minds sobered by the temperate and northern climates. Making full allowance, however, for that diversity of taste subsisting among mankind, arising out of their constitutional temperament and habits of conversation and writing, there must be some precise limits at which the decorations of style, like those of dress, begin to be truly advantageous and ornamental, and at which they become useless and positively detrimental. To arrive at just conclusions in this weighty matter, let us reflect upon the purpose which language is intended to answer, which is, undoubtedly, to communicate information and instruction, to persuade to a course of action, or to furnish rational amusement. To attain the first of these ends, all that can be necessary, supposing the thoughts to be good, is a judicious selection of the most expressive words, a right collocation of them, and those chastened ornaments which, like a tasteful dress to the person, serve rather to recommend the ideas, than to furnish additional entertainment to the mind. Nothing can be more egregiously misplaced, than splendid flourishes of rhetoric, vehemence of spirit, and bold and passionate figures of speech, in the calm disquisitions of science. By such artifices as these, philosophy, instead of preserving her grave and manly air, dignified tread and demeanor, and authoritative mode of address, awakens a just suspicion of her imbecility, and that she is endeavoring to gain, by management and indirect expedients, that assent and submission to her doctrines, which she should seek only through the force of truth. In matters of persuasion and entertainment, a wider field is opened for the display of decorations and flights of fancy, always taking care, however, still to maintain a just medium between a flat, tame, and barren style, and that which is florid, glittering and rampant, or rantipole. The history of literature, both in ancient and modern times, reveals to us three distinct stages in the mode of writing. The first is that in which mankind commence the task of communicating their thoughts upon paper, when they are contented with the simple expression of the sentiments which fill their own minds, and interest their feelings; the second, in which they attain to the highest perfection; and the third, in which they take delight in excessive decoration. The progress which men make in fine writing, resembles that which is observable in their indulgence of the luxuries of the table. When they have obtained the gratification of all those wholesome viands which regale the appetite for food, and nourish and invigorate the body, they then strive to enhance their sensual enjoyment, by stimulating condiments, and all the arts of refined cookery. So, also, is it found in fine writing. When nations have produced authors who amuse and instruct them by the most finished productions of genius, productions in which are comprised every species of natural and becoming ornament, the public taste begins to demand those performances which more strongly excite their feelings, and enchant their imaginations. This is the excess into which writing degenerated in Greece, after the age of Aristotle and Demosthenes, and in Rome, after that of Cicero, Horace, and Virgil. Since the times of Anne, in England, and of Louis XIV., in France, it must be perceptible to every philosophic observer, that,



with many honorable exceptions, taste has been gradually declining, and an appetite awakening for productions rather stimulating than solid, rather ornamental than useful, rather striking than just. In France, more especially, from the stirring events which have happened in that country during and since their revolution, and the utter absorption of the public attention by the noble object of regaining their long lost liberties, and establishing a wholesome government, (I speak it with many prepossessions in her favor, and an ardent admiration of her superiority,) her *litterati*, for the most part, seem to have abandoned those habits of persevering application and devotion to the perusal of the best models, which are indispensable to the production of the greatest writers. In consequence, the largest number of her authors, since her beneficial changes in government, have been characterized by a superficial science and false taste. Our country discovers, in matters of this nature, all the symptoms of a great scientific and literary nation in embryo, or its juvenile state. If an overweening fondness for superabundant finery in style is our prevailing literary sin at this time, even this deficiency, as in a young man, is an indication of that fertility of imagination and vigor of genius, which, in mature age, will lead us to the greatest eminence and imperishable fame.

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#### WORLDLY CONSOLATION.

##### I.

THE blast that sweeps o'er the frozen earth,  
 The last leaves from the forest shaking,  
 Breathes softer notes than the worldling's mirth,  
 To the heart that's heavy and breaking.  
 For what are songs of the festal board,  
 Or the wildest strains of the viol,  
 When the soul is bowed, as its dying Lord  
 In the garden of gloom and trial?

##### II.

Ye may kindle smiles in the drooping eye,  
 Though tears o'er the pale cheeks are stealing,  
 As lightning flashes along the sky,  
 When the storm is sullenly pealing.  
 Wild words of mirth on the lip may play,  
 Though sorrow can know no assuaging,  
 As merrily glisten the drops of spray  
 O'er the gulf where torrents are raging.

##### III.

Then, worldling, sing to the broken heart,  
 In vain of its anguish beguiling,  
 And deem that solace the strains impart  
 When your victim is wildly smiling!  
 That smile may glimmer a moment bright,  
 Not a pang of the bosom quelling,  
 As the cold moon gleams on the mists of night,  
 And illumines without dispelling.

New-York, November 30, 1836.

B. D. W.

## WILSON CONWORTH.\*

## CHAPTER I.

IF life were to be measured by incidents, I should have lived a long, and apparently a useless one. I feel that it is drawing to a close, though I am not old now — not old in years. But I have lived long enough to survive the love of life; and this seems strange to myself, as I look upon a world so intent upon the mere act of living, and so careless of the future. As I revert to the past, I find little to regret, save the waste of time, and the misapplication of powers; and these were more the work of education, than my own agency. The reason why I am not happier, is, that I have acquired so strong a moral momentum in certain courses — not criminal ones, as the world judges — that I find it impossible to turn myself to usefulness.

I grasp at the idea that I may yet be useful, by giving a history of my mind, and of my growth in pernicious habits. I know that I represent thousands of Americans, born as I was born, nurtured as I was nurtured, and feeling as I feel. I start in this project with doubt and uncertainty. It seems impossible that I can finish it. I throw down my pen, even at the commencement, and resume it again with a trembling hope that I have not started another chimera to cheat me of my time, and delude me into nothingness; for now I am literally nothing. I am alone. No one cares for me — yet I care for many. I love my fellow men. I weep for their miseries; I pity their misfortunes. I look upon them as creatures of circumstance, with myself. The vile have become so, by degrees imperceptible to themselves; the good are equally incapable of tracing their progress. When men begin to reflect, and to look about them, and to be acted on by pride of character — to find themselves subjected to the arbitrary criterions of society — to discover the reasons why they occupy this station or that — they then begin to play an equal game with their fellows. But until this time of awakening to their real situation, they are passive instruments in the hands of fate. Some never think — never awake — but live on, they inquire not how, or where. The present moment absorbs them; they are satisfied, and chance directs them, or what is the same thing, as far as they are concerned, the actions of other men decide their destiny. Whether this be good or bad, is to them a matter of mere fortune.

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\* THE story of 'WILSON CONWORTH' is what it purports to be, a veritable transcript from real life. The correspondent from whom we receive it, was a college classmate of the writer, of whom he thus speaks: 'In reading over the history of my friend, I have felt disposed to expunge some sentiments, which the world may not perhaps call just; but upon reflection, I have concluded to submit it in its original state. As it is, it is a perfect picture of his character, as he himself observes; and if any moral is to be deduced from his story, it must be read as he wrote it.' It may be proper to add, that the MSS. is all before us, arranged in such a manner as to preserve in each of its several divisions an interest which is not contingent upon what may follow. Our readers will find in this autobiography, when they shall have fairly entered upon it, or we greatly mistake human feeling and good taste, much of the beautiful sentiment and simple grace of IRVING, united with a calm and thoughtful philosophy, and a thorough knowledge of the world — the harvest of an observant eye.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

So men find themselves occupying a certain rank in the world, at the time they begin to think for themselves. They presume upon what they have, be it never so little. This lays them open to casualty, and they rise or fall, as the chance may be. If loss has happened, they still have something. Like the spendthrift, they look at the remaining coin, and promise themselves one pleasure more. Thinking thus, what sentiment can the bad excite, but pity? — and how can we look upon the good, but as fortunate? It may be said, in answer to this, that men are the weavers of their own fortunes — that every one has the opportunity to turn circumstances to his own benefit. Yes! we say, but the disposition to make this effort — the moral force necessary to the exertion — is a matter of education — of early, infant education; and who will deny that this is in the hands of others?

I have said that I have determined to write my life in a plain, unvarnished history. I shall tell nothing but what I know to have taken place. I am so obscure, that the author can never be known. I delight in the thought that I shall appear in a mask before the world. I can send abroad the true and genuine feelings of the human heart. There is no fiction here, though I wear the garb of a tale. Those who read me, will talk about my being true to nature, little thinking, perchance, that they are criticizing nature herself.

I shall do no injustice to friends, for they are mostly dead. Those who survive, will hardly recognise themselves in the true picture I shall give of them, under assumed names; for who knows himself, save the unhappy? I pride myself upon an original plan of doing good. Who dare lay bare his heart to the inspection of his fellow men? It may be that I shall keep back a part of the price I have paid for my experience; though I begin in the candid feeling of saying all. Why should men be afraid to confess their weaknesses, when all the world knows they possess them? My faults are of a common order, and may assist many in the work of self-knowledge.

The youth in our cities see the profligate and licentious, the idle and the luxurious, in the height of their course. In public, they are all gay and careless, and seem, to the young mind eager for a knowledge of life, to be the happiest of the happy. They know little of the certain and inevitable descent of such painted rottenness. They do not follow them to their chambers of despair; they do not accompany them to linger out their lives of wretchedness and want in foreign lands; they do not feel the pangs of remorse that wring their bosoms, when they revert back in memory to the pure years of their childhood, and rear in imagination — perhaps in the cells of a prison — the mother whose arms cradled their infancy, and compare what they are with what they might have been; they do not see all this and more; but like the foolish insects, that flit by my night-lamp, they rush to death, because it looks bright to the eye. My story will unfold the consequences of a life of pleasure.

While many men of the present day write false journeyings, imaginary love scenes, speculating robberies, and amusing murders, to make money, and give the young false views of life, I write these plain and true events, which may take place in the life of any American — which no one ever thinks of telling, and which may be trite

in themselves, taken singly, but when viewed as a whole, will evince the importance of small steps in a long journey, and give a better insight into the errors of early education, than all the very natural rhodomontade about wine, women, and robbers, ever written.

But I trust my story will not be devoid of interest. For I have travelled much in my own country. I have seen many sects of people. I have been on familiar terms with the extremes of society. My mother gave me a kind heart, and a social disposition was the result of a nervous temperament; for so fond of excitement was I, that, rather than be alone, I would mix with any of the species. But all this will grow out of my history, and without farther prelude, I hasten to enter upon it.

I was born of respectable and wealthy parents, in the city of — ; that is to say, my father was wealthy, for no one thinks of attaching any wealth to the mother, in this country, unless she has inherited it. The father makes the money; he holds the purse-strings; he dispenses the daily dole; he goes to market, followed by his servant, with a large basket; and not a copper is expended in the family, without his knowledge. Ten to one but he buys all his wife's dresses, and shoes, and calls them presents. The father is the factotum of his family in America, as he should be every where. The mother bears and nurses the children, and goes to meeting with him on Sundays; and he calls her 'dear,' by way of title. The reader must date my birth some forty years back, for this puritanical vestige is fast fading away, and the ladies are oftener the governors than their husbands. Fashionable life obtains in our cities; ladies make morning calls in coaches of their own; put the children under the care of nurses; have servants to go to market; keep tradesmen's bills; give balls and parties without consulting their husbands; regulate the education of the children, and, in short, do every thing of a domestic nature; while the husband appears on 'Change, takes care of his business, and attends to his own clubs, and, if he can, pays his bills.

We Americans were a very simple people when I was a boy. Extravagance was a rare thing. Propriety was more thought of than fashion — eloquence, than style. Still, in New-England, there exists a trace of the puritans — who were despots in their families — though so faint is it, that in another generation it will entirely have vanished. Wealth, luxury, love of the world and its honors — scope for which passions is now afforded by our physical and political advancement — have shut out the gloominess and fanaticism of our fathers, who copied after Bible characters, and esteemed themselves upon an equality with the holy men of old. Their self-consequence was much helped along by their secluded situation, and their want of general knowledge. The early puritans had none to compare themselves with, and, after the decease of the original landers at Plymouth, their descendants knew not but they were the greatest men in the world; surely they *had* heavy responsibilities, and we can hardly regret their delusion, since it begat an energy which supported us through a toilsome revolution. This character has been gradually falling away, growing more and more faint in each succeeding generation, until now, when it is hardly discernible.

My father, then, was a respectable merchant, worth a great deal of money. He lived in a large and handsomely-furnished house, kept a carriage, and one man-servant for every thing, and three or four maid-servants mostly for nothing. He was called a rich man, and treated as rich men always are; bowed to, very low, by shopkeepers and mechanics, and all those who hoped for his custom: He was greeted in the street by other rich men like himself, with great respect, who wished to set an example to the lookers-on how rich men should be treated. The smile and bow of all those who wished for his dinners, and wine, and parties, were extremely insinuating and complaisant. But, reader, he had his abasement. The million man and the half million man looked down upon him. They bowed, but the million man and the half million man bowed the most lordly. You might have seen the '*mens conscia auri*' in their eyes, as they passed by my father. The skirts of their coats were wider, the brim of their hats a little broader, and their abdomens rather more rotund, than my father's; for I have remarked, that rich men, in America, when they get a little old, always wear coats and hats a little broader than the common run of men.

I hope the reader has got by this time some idea of what my father was — for his reputation and standing in the world, had an important influence upon my life,

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CHAPTER II.

My earliest recollection is, of being tied up in a chair, to obviate the trouble of holding me, and to keep me from falling. Even now, I feel the agony of the situation and the restraint. I could not talk, and utter my pain, and explain the reason; but I could cry, and this I was permitted to do to any extent, under the idea that it would strengthen my lungs.

I was born a nervous child — that is, my physical susceptibilities were always acute, even in infancy. My mother was of delicate frame, and possessed of the nicest organs. She sang to perfection the most difficult pieces of music, without knowing any thing of the science. She is said to have been highly accomplished by nature. She gained by ready intuition, what others acquire by labor and practice. I believe I received my nature from her. In a woman, it was an excellence, in the eyes of her acquaintance, though it could not have made *her* happy. To me it was a curse. I recollect, too, that I was devotedly attached to my mother, and very much afraid of my father, excepting when, after dinner, I was brought into the room when we had company, and coaxed to sing a little song, and toss off a glass of wine, like a man. I have no other infantile remembrances.

When about eight years of age — and from this time I recollect distinctly every passage in my life — I was sent to dancing-school, and being a little, short, squat personage, with a good ear for music, and some agility, I was quite an object of curiosity and wonder. This gratified me: the feeling was encouraged by my relations; and the love of praise became a passion I have never outgrown,

At this period, too, I contracted a warm friendship with a cousin about my own age, because it was a settled matter between our parents that we must be very fond of each other. We were always together. People called us 'the little friends,' and we thought it mighty pretty. We were tenants in common of a little patch of ground, and joint owners of a rocking-horse. Years of absence soon broke up this intimacy, without any pain to either of us, I presume: but I was always taught to consider cousin James as my best friend, though I had not seen him for years. I knew and prized him, after this, on his own account; but I doubt whether I should ever have sought his acquaintance, had it not been for some family flattery, which was supposed to answer some end in our parents.

Until I was ten years of age, I was very like other children, I suppose. I was sent to school to an old school-mistress, who used to toast cheese for herself in school-time, and eat it with great relish. I have always loved toasted cheese, since I first saw her place the swollen mass upon some gingerbread which she had taken away from a little boy, for eating in the school hours, and eat it herself. This seemed rather hard justice to all of us, but she was too ignorant to suppose that children had any ideas before they had learned to read.

This love of toasted cheese nearly cost me my life. Going home with the memory of the rich repast in my mind, and the water in my mouth, I cut by stealth a large slice from the cheese-tray, and began to cook it; when, in my eagerness, my clothes caught fire, my hair was burned off, and I was scorched from top to toe. I was saved by being wrapped in a table-cloth. I suffered excruciating pain for weeks; but still the first impression of toasted cheese remains. It is my passion of eatables, and ever will remain so.

The location of my father's house was an unlucky circumstance in my education. A long alley led to the back of it, and visitors frequently passed up this alley, where I was accustomed to play. Recognising me as the son of a rich man, they would stop, pat me on the head, praise my eyes and lips, and some of the ladies gave me kisses. I told my mother this. She was delighted. I was told to keep myself clean and nice, for fear some of the ladies might see me; and by and by I went to the alley, not to play, but to be admired and caressed by the *dear* visiting friends of my mother.

The love of praise was now fixed for life. I became proud and vain of my person, and cried if my clothes were soiled — had my hands and face washed twenty times a day, and my hair combed twice as often — went to the glass at every opportunity — walked with the air of a little gentleman — cut the acquaintance of all dirty little boys, and attended my mother whenever she went to see ladies. I thought myself the most observed person in the world, and too much of a gentleman to do any thing. Children are oftener praised by their parents for keeping their clothes clean and whole, than for any thing else. It saves a great deal of trouble and expense to these same parents, and they see nothing in it beyond a convenience for the present moment.

Being the eldest son, and my father a rich man, I was destined to receive the best advantages of education. I was sent to the most



expensive school in the neighborhood of the city; for it was the fashion with rich people to send their sons to boarding-schools, at the time I write of. My father's acquaintances—mostly rich men and merchants—very good men, but no very good judges of what their children needed—were much pleased with the location of Sidney School. Mr. Surface was a gentleman. He had educated the children of several rich men, after his way. He got them into college, some how or other, but to my certain knowledge, not by knowing any thing of Latin or Greek. Beside, he charged a high price, and that was every thing in his favor. It is of some consequence that gentlemen may be able to say on 'Change, what vast sums they are expending in the education of their children.

Let it not be supposed that I would cast any ridicule upon my father. He was an American merchant, and as good a man as ever lived. He was a kind father, or he meant to be so. He would have laid down his life for his children, had it been necessary; but he par-took of the error of the times. He did as thousands do, and have done, and will do—looked at the outside—at appearances. He was guided by 'the credit of the thing.' It was enough for him to know, that the reputation of this school was good. He thought he had done his duty. Beside, he had his mercantile reputation to look after. His children!—he thought they would grow up good, of course—for he was paying hundreds of dollars for them yearly.

I come to the task of describing this school, with my sleeves rolled up to the elbow. I wish to do the subject justice. If we have good scholars now in our colleges, it is because the system of early instruction has been changed, and is daily and hourly undergoing improvements. As knowledge of mind advances, education will advance. It was once thought that children were born to be good or bad by nature; but to talk of a boy's natural talents meaning any thing more than as far as physical organization is concerned, would at this day be considered nonsense. We have at last found out that education does every thing, and where no natural impediments are in the way—such as defects in the body—a boy, with proper training, may be made almost any thing his parents may wish him to be.

The fault of bad scholarship, and want of elevated taste, lies in the primary school, and in proper attention, at home, to the infant years of our children. A child may receive an impression to-day, which shall have an effect ten years hence. The distance of the effect blinds us to the cause. Teach a child in a slovenly manner—give him half-way explanations—be irregular in your hours, and careless of his improvement—and he will be a superficial scholar; and if he have fine sensibilities, and a warm fancy, he will be a comet-like character—erratic—unsteady—uncertain. His friends may call him a genius, and the ladies an enthusiast; that is, a mind without balance, feeling without judgment, taste without discrimination, thoughts without method, and impulses, dependent more upon the animal than the moral nature. He will be like a ship without a helm—full of force, but without direction. The fault is in the primary school, not in the college. I believe my character for usefulness was fixed at Mr. Surface's school, and I wish to lay the blame on him, and the system he practised.

Never was there a situation more delightful than Sidney Place. A large and spacious house was situated in the midst of shady trees, and the extensive grounds were left open and free to the most exuberant spirits of boyhood. We could run in a straight direction for a quarter of a mile, without passing our own territory. A small enclosure from many acres was set off for a garden, and all the rest was one closely-fed green-sward, with here and there clumps of trees. A brook gurgled through the centre of the grounds, which we could dam up at pleasure into ponds for naval fights, for bathing, and in winter, for skating. Every tree had a name, and every shrub a story.

A long avenue of poplars led to our school-house. A little hillock, sacred to the memory of many a kitten, and pet robin, or favorite dog, rose near the entrance. It was the starting place for our sleds in winter—the council seat in summer—the idler's lounge—the judges' throne, in set fights. We had here all kinds of sports, from foot-ball to trap-ball; taming mice, rearing chickens, cock-fighting, dog-carts, hoops, balls, kites, and even down to playing pin, formed our out-of-door amusements. Who has looked at the sports of children, and not been astonished at the wonderful fertility of their minds, in the invention of expedients for killing time, under any circumstances?

No school could have been better for physical education. The rule was, to be in school eight hours a day; but we rarely exceeded six, and long intermissions swallowed up a good deal of this. We had set lessons: if we knew them—very well; if not, a whipping followed. Boys were classed, as much as possible, without regard to age, aptness for study, or acquirements. The object was, to hurry us through books, that we might be able to say, 'we are so far,' when questioned by visitors, or our parents. Nothing was explained. We rarely parsed a word of Latin; our sports did not illustrate any thing; our business was play—to cheat ourselves of school-time as agreeably as possible—to frame excuses and plans for avoiding our lessons, which no pains were taken to make interesting to us. We were taught words. We purchased translations, and hired boys to get our lessons, and read them to us. There was no ambition for scholarship, for one boy fared as well as another, in all respects, except the floggings; though the sons of very rich men who sent two or three boys, got rather the lightest blows, and the most smiles.

We had an examination once a year, and for this event we were all prepared. We knew the questions coming to us—the passage we were to translate—even the words we were to spell. Months were employed in getting up this pageant, for the reputation of the school depended upon it.

In the evening, we had an exhibition. There we shone in gilded armor, and wore dirks, and played kings, and great men. The house was crowded with the ladies and gentlemen whom we were accustomed to meet at our fathers' tables. We already tasted the praise, in anticipation, that would follow our performance. How conspicuous each one felt! How we foamed with delight! And our parents, how delighted they were! How heartily were we kissed, behind the scenes, by our dear mothers! They could not wait, but stole out to help us dress, and see that every thing was nice. Dear, dear mo-

thers! What blessed creatures you are, and how beautiful, even in your weaknesses! What a school! The papers rang with its praises. Fathers were mad to place their children under such a paragon of skill. But, alas! what were we? Poor fools! We had no training—no discipline. Our minds were filled with false and alluring passions—the passion for praise and the passion for sport.

## CHAPTER III.

How I got admitted to college, I cannot say. I was very imperfectly prepared; but my books were interlined, and chance placed a great raw youth from the country, who had fitted himself by dint of hard study, by my side. He took compassion, I suppose, upon my trembling ignorance, and gave me a word or two in a whisper. As good luck would have it, when we went to be examined in Greek, the professor dropped his book from the desk: I rushed forward and gave it to him, with my best bow. I thought he would show me some favor, and that gave me confidence. I scraped in, and my father already saw me half way up to the temple of fame.

I now put on a watch, a long-tailed coat, walked in the streets with my father, and felt that I was a man. He seemed to wish to hasten my years, and to give me, ere my childhood was closed, the habits of a young man. I was supplied liberally with money; drove his horses, and did very much as I pleased. This was during the vacation, before I took rooms at college. I was to all intents and purposes his eldest son. Deprived of the advantages of education, except that better kind which he got in the world by pushing his own way, my father was misled by his hopes, for he thought he had nothing else to do than to place me in the way of learning. He judged me by himself; he felt the highest regard for that of which he himself was destitute, and could not imagine how any one could feel differently.

Proud and happy father!—how have your hopes been blasted! Would that I could recall you from the grave, to weep at your feet those tears of deep contrition and sorrow which now fall in rivers to the ground for my unworthiness, and for the bitter disappointment which hurried you beyond the knowledge of all my transgressions!

But must I bear all the blame? I acted in accordance with the feeble power within me. Shall I blame my parent? He had done all he thought a father could do for a child. Why not rather blame that system of education which stifles the germ of mind in thousands of my countrymen, by placing them in the midst of luxury in infancy; displaying to them in boyhood only a gilded world; surrounding them with false appearances; nurturing them in the uncertain atmosphere of wealth; with no idea of labor—no thought but pleasure—no hope but praise. Where is such a mind, when adversity frowns upon a family? Deprived of its station, it sinks into an inferiority as hopeless as it is unexpected. The elasticity of youth may rise above it, by some fortuitous assistance; but, oh! the struggle of mastering false pride—of being willing to seem what

we are — and of beginning our education in manhood ! It may be done ; but bitter is the cup, and slow and toilsome is the progress.

Previous to my entering college, my mother had died. My father still kept house, managed by servants. I escaped all the evil of such discipline, by being at school ; though it would be hard to decide which of the two is the greater evil, the influence of servants over children, or a showy school.

I felt severely the loss of my mother, or rather I have felt it severely, since the actual event. I do not mean that I had not every personal comfort which she could have bestowed upon me, but I felt the loss of her affection — of the inducements to exertion which the love, the tender love, we bear our mothers, furnishes.

Why descant here upon a mother's love ? All the world knows it to be the only pure and hallowed affection this state of existence allows. Deprive a child of its mother, and you take from it its strongest stay against temptation and the allurements of the world. She is the rudder of his heart, and through its tenderness can mould and direct as she pleases. What son can resist her tears ? See ! she weeps — she implores — she throws her arms about your neck — she covers your face with kisses — she is overcome with the depth of her anxiety. Can you disregard her ? She is the mother who bore you, the nurse who dandled you, and hushed your infant cries. She looked upon you when but a mere mass of flesh, hardly possessed of life, with unutterable affection. Alas ! if we do not love our mothers, it must be because we do not think.

My mother's death pained me, but I soon forgot my sorrows in the amusements of the school. I have felt it since ; and regret for her loss will ever remain the strongest feeling of my life. To the loss of her, I attribute all my subsequent errors. With a disposition easily yielding to affection, I possessed an unconquerable aversion to force ; and where fear was intended to influence me, I only became stubbornly set in opposition.

When she died, I was away from home. I was immediately sent for. Upon my arrival, I found the house turned up side down, as if preparing for a great party. Beds were taken away, and the rooms furnished with seats to accommodate a great multitude. I was shocked to see all the family so busy, and so much engaged in the labor of preparation. It seemed to me to be disrespect to my mother. My father was about giving orders, with his usual energy. At table, my old grandmother from the country presided, in the place of my mother, and she ate like a cormorant, and praised the dishes.

I had never been in the house of death before, and thought we ought all of us to have been silent and sorrowful. I found out then and since, that when in the very midst of death and disease, the mind accommodates itself to the case, and we look upon the event in a more reasonable light, being compelled to act and behave collectedly by necessity. Imagination in this, as in every thing else, exceeds reality ; and the death of an absent friend affects us more severely than the actual seeing of his departure.

My brother and myself occupied a chamber together, when we were at home, nearly over my mother's bed-room. We were obliged

to pass her door in getting to our own room. We retired together, both of us timid at the thought of death so near to us.

After we got into bed, and he had fallen asleep, a sudden courage possessed me. I lay and reasoned with myself for a few moments—then took the light and went down to my mother's room—turned the sheet from her face, and gazed upon her in the silence and solitude of death. I kissed her pale, cold lips again and again. It seemed to me that she knew I was parting with her for the last time. I retired to my chamber with no sentiment of fear in my heart. I felt lifted above fear. From that time I have never feared death. A full knowledge of what death is, was suddenly revealed to me with that act. The memory of the dignified feeling of that hour can never depart. All childish delusions were dispelled by the excess of my affection for her. That affection is as indelible as her memory.

I returned to school, and, as I have said, soon forgot my sorrows; though, when I was sick or low spirited, my mother's image would occur to me, as she used to appear when she soothed my pains, and pacified my childish complaints. The lamp which had guided my feet below, still often shone upon me like a star from above. When, too, the mothers of the other boys came out to see them, and I saw how happy they were, I then wished I had a mother too.

I should have mentioned, before this, that my mother was a piously-disposed woman. She had been educated—as who in New England is not?—in respect for the Sabbath. No noise was allowed in the house on Sunday. We were made to sit still, and read the Bible on that day—even the abstruse writings of St. Paul. We understood nothing, except that it was a good act to do so, and pleased God; how, we did not know, nor did we think to inquire—for the impression was an early one, and was received as a matter of course.

Our very early impressions in morals and conduct are like the laws of nature, which are operating so constantly and invariably around us, that they seem matters of course. The theory of gravitation was not inquired into, until lately, though the world had lived in the observance of this law for centuries. What child, born of religious parents, cannot recollect his horror and self-accusation, after committing a sin for the first time, and the gradual wearing away of his scruples? And now, if he is a man, he will find himself doing, daily and hourly, things which once he would have shuddered to commit.

But in our religious reading, we felt that we were doing right, and that was pleasant. At night, after we were snugly in bed, our mother would come and seat herself upon the bedside, and one by one we said our little prayers. She would then kiss us and depart.

I received impressions at this season which have never been obliterated. Strange and beautiful thoughts of God, and Heaven, and my mother, come up to me now—they have often in my weary life—with a spirit of devotion I cannot account for: for I have always tried hard to be skeptical. Philosophers may account for it, if they can; but for myself I believe, truly, that it is the seeds of goodness those infant prayers and bed-side instructions planted, and over which the dross of the world has been heaped up, struggling to come to light, and bear the fruit of true religion.

What a calm such hours have! How placid! — how grateful to an aching heart! I feel like a child again, at my mother's side; I see her mild angelic face — I hear her sweet voice, and respond her warm kiss. I lay my head upon her bosom — the bosom that nourished me — and weep tears of joy. Call this foolish, unmanly, weak, if you will — but give me many such hours! They are the bright spots in my life. They are all that have kept me pure — morally pure — when, to the world, I seemed like a blasted tree, without greenness or branches.

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THE DYING YEAR.

FAREWELL, thou Dying Year — farewell!  
 Thy reign is well nigh o'er;  
 The freshness of thy vernal hours,  
 The glory of thy summer bowers,  
 And e'en thy last pale ling'ring flowers,  
 Will soon be here no more!

Perchance there are bright eyes that weep  
 To see thee pass away,  
 That in thy course, departing year,  
 Have ne'er been dimm'd with sorrow's tear,  
 But blest with all of bright and dear,  
 Would gladly woo thy stay:

While others in the passing gale  
 Hear only tones of grief;  
 Recalling hopes of vanished years,  
 And forms now seen through memory's tears,  
 An emblem of whose fate appears  
 In every falling leaf!

Yes! in thy flight has many a tie  
 Of earthly love been broken:  
 To be renewed, oh never more!  
 Save on that far eternal shore,  
 Where, grief and death forever o'er,  
 No parting words are spoken.

With the fair flowers that graced thy bloom,  
 E'en fairer things have faded;  
 Creatures of loveliness and light  
 Have passed away from mortal sight,  
 And tempests, ere the fall of night,  
 The morn's bright promise shaded.

Yet weep not, earth, thy dying flowers,  
 Thy hills and vales forsaken;  
 The breath of spring shall deck again  
 With blooming sweets the verdant plain,  
 And through the grove the softest strain  
 Of love and song awaken.

And, Christian, sigh not o'er the ties  
 Which this sad year has riven;  
 The form of love that faded here  
 Lives now in yonder sinless sphere:  
 Why shouldst thou weep that one so dear  
 Hath changed this earth for Heaven?

T. H. C.



## O L L A P O D I A N A .

## NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

BELOVED READER: We parted company at the foot of the staircase, leading from the foamy current of Niagara—up—up, as it were from the caverns of Pandemonium to Paradise—to ‘the American side.’ Let me act as a guide-book to your eyes, while we proceed.

Look backward, occasionally, whenever you have opportunity, through the apertures of your pathway, at the clouds of mist that circle into rainbows around you, and at the milk-white torrent which rolls and murmurs beneath. Far below you, ‘moves one that gathers luggage.’ You shall see him with your trunks and carpet-bags, climbing the dizzy *steppes* in your trail—the omega of your party—until you find yourselves in the land of Jonathan.

Apparently, you are in a forest. A few cottages are skirting its edge, or the neighborhood round about; but beyond, all seems ancient and primeval. You almost look to encounter an Indian. But the Great Cataract is at your side, and where it breaks off into the cloudy eternity below, which now you cannot see, the green verdure slopes to the very edge of the precipice, marked with the shoe-prints of a thousand feet. What fairy shapes of pretty *soles* are there! Of some, Ollapod was constrained to say, ‘Surely these delicate marks indicate that the pedal pressure of those who made them would scarcely leave its impress upon the fringed gentian, or the upspringing lily.’

Slowly and contemplatively we lingered about this haunted and hollow-sounding region. It seemed, indeed, as if the earth beneath, to its centre, and the heavens above, even to the abyss of the empyrean, were shaking and vocal with ‘the sound of many waters.’ There is no escaping from the voice of Niagara. Go where you will—wander for miles and miles from its green and changeful vortex—yet your ear drinks in its deep and solemn melody. For me, in one hour during the many I passed in its hearing, I deserted all my companions, and roamed for a league into the melancholy shades. Was I beyond the warning that Niagara was nigh? Not so. On every gale came that vast and solemn concert of water-sounds—the humming middle-gush—the high-measured roll and gurgle—the awful under-tone. They seemed to *fill all the air*. It is not like thunder—not like the murmurs of the coming whirlwind, nor the troubled groan of a volcano. It pervades the landscape round; the leaves tremble at its breath; the bird shrieks, as if in fear, and springing from the branch that overlooks the stream, soars through rainbows and bright clouds beyond the scene. The cataract utters its horrid whereabout on every breeze. You listen to its murmurs, until the heart is intoxicated with their sublimity, and the eye most with emotion. Now they sound like the crackling flames, spreading for leagues over mountain woodlands, then like doleful bells, heard at intervals in the pauses of a funeral; then, like

‘The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall—  
The far-off shouts of multitudes are in their rise and fall.’

Alternately stormy and plaintive, deep and faint, as the wings of the wind aspire or are depressed, they create a mingled and many-toned diapason, which to be *felt*, must be heard — and to be heard, must be remembered forever. They are like the blast of the tempest, as described in ‘The Auntient Marinere,’ when

—— ‘his sails did sigh like sedge,  
As the rain poured down from one black cloud,  
While the moon was at its edge :  
When the roaring wind did roar far off,  
It did not come anear ;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.’

Do not, good reader, go bounding rapidly through and among the scenery on the American side of Niagara, with a fleet footstep and an unobservant eye — but use all gently. Thus did we. Every tree you meet, almost, contains the initials of the thousands who have come and gone from that overpowering and magnificent wonder. We pushed onward, without care or sorrow, filled and intoxicated with admiration, and wist not, as it were, whither we went.

Crossing a fearful bridge, we reached Goat-Island; but Ollapod, lagging behind his less imaginative companions, stood in the middle of that frail causeway, and listened and gazed upon the mad waves of a river, as they dashed and growled beneath — seeming himself, meanwhile, to be rushing ‘up stream,’ as if astride of a comet. Yet this river, as viewed from the Canada side, appears like a silver ribbon, flaunting in bright relief against a back ground of sable rock, and forms but the merest tithe of the American Fall.

How many sublime and pleasant recollections fill my mind, as I call up, in the stillness of this autumnal and contemplative evening, that magnificent scene ! In the quiet of my domestic retirement — the last leaves of summer quivering at my window, with low and melancholy whispers — pale statues — (thou, Bard of Eden, and thou, Swan of Avon, and ye, Muses of Greece, whose presence still haunts, or seems to haunt, the olive woods, by streams of old renown !) — gleam, and send their shadows along the wall ; but I go back, on the wings of memory, to those cloudless and soul-fraught hours, until the voice of Niagara is in my ear, and the bounding impulse of its tide seems gathering in my apartment. I am lost in recollection.

‘When eve is purpling cliff and cave,  
Thoughts of the heart ! how soft ye flow !  
Not softer, on the western wave,  
The golden lines of sunset glow.  
Then all by chance or fate removed,  
Like spirits, crowd upon the eye ;  
The few we liked — the one we loved,  
And all the heart is memory !’

That was a beautiful and placid face, which we encountered on our way to the island — yea, and a sweetly-moulded form. I remem-

ber it well ; and so do all who have sojourned, transiently or long, among the elysian bowers of New-Haven. Charming DE F—— ! The queen of Commencements, and Junior Exhibitions ! Cynosure of sophomore eyes, with an atmosphere about thee of music and the frankincense of youth ! Idol of unhewn and wondering freshmen, who gaze at thee as they would at a distant star, moving in brightness through the dark blue depths of heaven ! Who, wedded and blessed, or single and hippled, but would look upon thee as a sumptuous and beauteous picture ? No one, be it confidently averred, in whose mind a taste for grace and loveliness were not ' clean gone forever.' Thou art associated in my memory with the sun-bows and green woods and waters of Niagara — and art destined there to last,

'Unto thylke day i' the which I shall creepe  
Into my sepulchre.'

ONE thing will impress you, as you wander about Goat-Island. After you have stood upon the high rocky tower, (connected by a quivering plank, as it were, with the awful edge of the precipice,) and looked for miles around you, upon a waste of stormy waters, plunge at once into the quiet and wooded paths of the island. Travel on — on — on. Now, you may fancy that you are alone, and Niagara out of hearing. Is it so ? Pause a moment. There comes through the thick leaves and branches around you, though you are *far* from the Fall, a many-toned and hollow voice, which makes every leaf to tremble. The light stems *thrill* to the rushing breath of the cataract. Yet it is not sudden, like the sound of a cannon, or the pealing of the thunder: it is constant, yet changeful; heavy and solemn; yet at times, fairy and musical: but *it fills all the air*. There is no pause — no cessation — no stay. The roar is eternal. It is the utterance of the God who lifted that horrid ledge into heaven, and stretched that awful chasm for leagues toward the frozen pole.

FAIL not, tourist, to visit the Cave of the Winds, and to go southwardly from the BIDDLE stair-case, under the American ledge. Mind not the tempest which will sweep over you occasionally from the distant cataract, in a cloud of spray on the wings of the gale. There is inspiration in the heart, as you inhale the awful hymn-notes of the torrent, and the freshness of that watery air. It is like breathing upon a high mountain in winter, above a wide plain, where a wider stretch of white fades at last, on the edge of the horizon, into an universal blue. Look up, ever and anon. How fearfully those heavy pines look over the ledges, at the height of many a hundred feet ! There the blue sky looks down upon you, and the fleecy cloud — child of the waters and the morning — unfolds its skirts of fleecy gold ! Beautiful — awful — impressive scene !

THEY told us a good story of an Irishman and Scotchman, from Canada, who came on the American side last winter to settle an ancient grudge by fisticuffs. 'They fought like brave men, long and well;' long hung the contest doubtful; and the by-standers wist not which should prevail — whether or shamrock or thistle. At last the antagonists fell to the ground; they rolled to the edge of the river; one, minus his linsey-woolsey coat-tail, clung to some shrubbery on the precipitous bank; the other fell to the distance of sixty feet, saving his life by striking among the thick boughs of a parasitical tree growing out of the rock, and festooned with thick vines, the seed of which some wandering breeze had wafted to a fissure in the rock, where it had been nourished by the presence of leaf-dust and spray, until it had flourished into strong and vigorous fertility. The discomfitted warrior was drawn up by a rope, let down for his aid, and hooked to his wounded inexpressibles, having fallen only a small part of the distance to the river's bed.

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A DAY or two, (employed in good dinners at the Cataract House, a personal inspection and liberal purchases of Indian gimcrackeries on the island, leave-takings with friends, appointments for Saratoga, Rockaway, Trenton, or Newport,) can be passed richly at Niagara. If you have an ounce of poetry about you, reader, remain there until you can go the whole circuit on every side, and in every quarter — ALONE. Go out, free from all human presence, and hold communion with your God. So shall you bring away with you cherished and kindling thoughts, never to die.

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WE bowled briskly away from the Cataract Hotel, one rainy afternoon: the mud was up to the axle of our extra; and as we wheeled around an opening through the thick shrubbery, on our way to Lewiston, not far from *The Devil's Hole* — a polite name given to a horrid chasm in the rocky wall which bounds Niagara on either side, from Queenston to the Pavilion — I caught my parting view of *The Wonder*. Down rolled that heavy stretch of wide and foaming waters — the spray rising in clouds from its base — the wreathing vapors making themselves wings for the wind, and ready to sail away, like airy messengers, perhaps to be steeped in sunlight over Lake Erie — so that they which but a little while before were mounting with thunder in their bosoms, could soar away and be at rest.

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As you journey to the North, *Dan Tourist*, forget not to pause on the brow of that long hill which overlooketh the old town of Queenston, in Canada, the monument of Brock, and eke the town of Lewiston, on the republican side. As we neared this spot, the sun broke out from his hiding place, and diffused over the landscape, for many, many leagues, a sweet and melancholy smile. Magnificent sight! The monument, arose like a shaft of an ebony, against a sky of the

richest crimson. Old Niagara went meandering onward to Ontario, like a vast serpent of gold, creeping through a landscape of surpassing loveliness. The Mother and the Daughter of two countries seemed brought together in loving propinquity; and the hills afar, the vales between, 'the rain drops glittering on the trees around,' and the trembling leaves, gave melody to the breeze and beauty to the eye.

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BEFORE we supped, I opened the window of our hostelry at Lewiston, to catch the last sound of the Falls. On the fitful gusts, and swayed to full or gentle modulations by the creeping tides of air that swept through the twilight, came 'the voice of many waters.' Harp sublime! Anthem unending! Organ of the almighty! I seem to hear thee still!

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IF you visit Niagara, I *think* I would perform the journey in *October*. Oh, when the trees are clothed in their many-colored autumnal robes — when the day-god goes to his rest as a monarch goes to his slumbers, drawing around him his curtains of purple and gold — when the mellow fruits drop richly from the trees in thine orchard; when the honey-locust leaf, or 'ash, deep crimsoned,' falls to the ground;

'When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the leaves are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,'

then go to Niagara. You will return with the chastening solemnity of the season upon you; with emblems of eternity in your mind; with remembered whispers of a God sounding in your ear, and with thanks to Him

'Who made the world, and heaped the waters far  
Above its loftiest mountains.'

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STOOD at the door of the *Cataract Hotel*, on the American side, while the postillion was placing their 'travelling dress' upon his cattle, and watched a handsome squaw trudge through the heavy rain, with a papoose, or young baby, at her back, covered with a white blanket, and suspended by a wampum belt from her forehead. How stately she stepped! She had the walk of an empress, as she bounded away into the woods. Poor soul! Probably on her way to her lonely wigwam, to lament in the autumn — when the sun goes down in an ocean of rainbow-colored foliage, and the wilderness echoes to the moan of the dying year — the departing glories of her race —

'Like thee, thou sun, to die!'

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EXCEEDINGLY amused at the air and manner of a decided loafer, a sentimentalist withal, and a toper, who had come out of his way from Buffalo to see the Falls. 'Landlord!' said he, to the Boniface

of the Cataract, 'and you, gentlemen, who stand on this porch, witnessing this pitiless rain, you see before you one who has a tempest of sorrows a-beatin' upon his head continually. *Wanst* I was wo'th twenty thousand dollars, and I driv the saddling profession. Circumstances alters cases : now I wish for to solicit charity. Some of you seems benevolent, and I do believe I am not destined to rank myself among those who could travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say all is barren. No — I scorn to brag — but I am intelligent beyond my years, and my education has been complete. I have read Wolney's Ruins, Marshall's Life of Washington, and Pope's Easy on Man, and most of the literature of the day, as contained in the small newspapers. But the way I'm situated at present, is scandalous. The fact is, my heart is broke, and I'm just Ishmaelizing about the globe, with a sombre brow, and a bosom laden with wo. Who will help me — speak singly, gentlemen — who will 'ease my griefs, and drive my cares away?' as Isaac Watts says, in one of his devotional poems.'

No answer was returned. A general laugh arose. The pride of the mendicant was excited : rage got the better of his humility ; and shaking his fist in the face of the by-standers, he roared out :

'You're all a pack of poor, or'nary common people. You insult honest poverty ; but I do not 'hang my head for a' that,' as Burns says. I will chastise any man here, for two three-cent drinks of *Monagohale* whiskey : yes, though I have but lately escaped shipwreck, coming from Michigan to Buffalo, and am weak from loss of strength ; yet I will whip the best of you. Let any on ye come over to the Black Rock Rail-road Dee-pott, and I'll lick him *like a d—n !*'

'Never mind that part of it,' said one ; 'tell us about the shipwreck.'

'Ah !' he continued, 'that *was* a scene ! Twenty miles out at sea, on the lake — the storm bustin' upon the deck — the waves, like mad tailors, making breeches over it continually — the lightnings a-bustin' overhead, and hissing in the water — the clouds meeting the earth — the land just over the lee-bow — every mast in splinters — every sail in rags — women a-screechin' — farmers' wives, emigratin' to the west, calling for their husbands — and hell yawnin' all around ! A good many was dreadfully sea-sick ; and one man, after casting forth every thing beside, with a violent retch, threw up his boots. Oh, gentlemen, it was awful ! At length came the last and destructivest billow. It struck the ship on the left side, in the neighborhood of the poop — and all at *wanst*, I felt something under us breakin' away. The vessel was parting ! One half the crew was drowned — passengers was praying, and commending themselves to heaven. I alone escaped the watery doom.'

'And how did you manage to redeem *yourself* from destruction ?' was the general inquiry.

'Why, gentlemen, the fact is, I seen how things was a-goin', and I *took my hat and went ashore !*'

The last I saw of this Munchausen, was as our coach wheeled away. He had achieved a 'drink,' and was perambulating through the mud, lightened, momentarily, of his sorrows.



As you journey to the North, from Niagara to Lewiston, you catch, ever and anon, through the leafy screen of the trees, distant views of the Great Cataract. In the pauses of your carriage wheels, come the thunder of the torrent and the dimness of the spray. On your left, there is '*a great gulf fixed,*' to which the Gulf of Hades might be imagined to have resemblance. Now and then, crowned with glittering rainbows, you see the Falls, like the 'great white sheet let down from heaven,' as beheld of old in the portable larder that met the apostle's startled vision. Then a thickening cloud of spray, filled with 'thunderings and voices,' hides it from your view. Mile after mile, you continue your tour, the great Gulf still at your side, the complaining river rolling apparently leagues beneath you—horrid chasms and frowning precipices, around whose bases the foaming waves eddy and howl—until, by and by, you ascend that incomparable hill which overlooks the scenes of Lewiston and Queenston. The delighted eye beholds the sinking current grow calmer and calmer; the blue vistas of Canadian woods and plains stretch themselves in blending colors and undulations to the far and fairy radius of the horizon; and as the river rolls onward to the Ontario, like a huge serpent of gold winding through the landscape—as the tall shaft of Brock's monument paints its delicate outline against the evening sky, and the fainter sound of the distant cataract is taken on the freshening wind, among the far-off cedars, waving against a gush of farewell crimson in the west—the scene is inspiration, and the place becomes religion.

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WHILE our supper was in preparation at Lewiston, I opened the window which looked toward the South, in the direction whence we had come. Haply, thought I, the cataract may yet send its farewell voice to my ear. I listened attentively, *auribus erectis*, and solemnly, on the swelling gusts and creeping murmurs of the evening, as they rose and fell, 'swayed by the sweeping of the tides of air,' came the majestic hum and *air-tremble* of the Falls! How impressive was that sound! Throned afar in the forest—sceptered with its gorgeous coronet of lunar rainbows—its regal impulse rushing through the darkness on the wings of the wind—Niagara lifted to heaven its vocal and eternal anthem! How many generations, thought I, shall come and go—how many loving hearts go back to dust—how many lips be dumb in death,

— and their soft breath with pain  
Be yielded to the elements again,

before Niagara shall be tuneless, or its stormy tones be muffled! Power, more than kingly! Voice, louder and steadier than the clangour of battle, or the peal of the ephemeral earthquake, ingulfing plains and cities! In the language of the bard, 'Thy days are everlasting!' Thou camest from the palm of Him who hath measured the earth, and who sees the pestilence stain the noon-day at his bidding! Who that breathes, will ever behold the consummation of thy destiny? None! Autumn after autumn, with its gold-dropping

orchards, its painted woodlands and hollow sighs, shall come and go; spring will prank the earth with violets and verdure; summer shall glow, and deadly winter pale the earth—but over all thou wilt triumph, until this sphere shall heave at the voice of the Almighty, and the trump of the Archangel!

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Of the road from Lewiston to Lockport, and of that famous country town, what shall I say? I would say *nothing*—but I must say something. I feel in the predicament wherein is placed DENNIS BULGRUDDERY, in the play, with respect of his rib. ‘I can hear nothing bad of her,’ he says to a guest at the ‘Red Cow,’ which hotel he kept; ‘you can say nothing good of her, without telling a d—d lie; and in coorse, the less you say, the better.’ Thus am I situated and circumstanced, as touching the road and last place herein before-mentioned.

With a postillion (of the just-adopted Telegraph) dressed in a flaming red coat, for which he had exchanged his own for a ‘consideration,’ with a deserting private in the Canadian army, we pushed slowly on from Lewiston to Lockport. *Mud*, without end or bottom—alluvial pudding—thickened and gurgled on every side. Postillion was not to be hurried. No—‘he was a free Amerikin driver, be Gosh,’ was his reply to one or two Birmingham or Sheffield agents, hastening homeward in the next packet from New-York—‘and he guessed that any body that went for to stir him up in the *lively* line, would get crucified and come over, almighty slick.’ And he kept his word. Through pools, and over particularly stony and dangerous spots, he wended swift as Phaeton with his aerial team; but where the thoroughfare was good, a snail would have distanced his lagging move.

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LOCKPORT is famous for its deep-cut in the canal. Representations of this great achievement I had seen in print, and had supposed that it was a marvel of the first water. It came to pass, therefore, when we saw the sole steeple of the village rising over a level country in the east, that we looked earnestly for the Deep Cut. We continued to gaze until we had reached the hotel, when we sallied forth in the rain, with a friend or two, in rabid quest of the wonder. The first view we obtained was from the village bridge. Never was there a more complete disappointment. The line of the canal, to the west, appears very like its usual long and snake-like length; and I put it to the reader, if one very often looks upon a more *common* thing than a canal, after you have travelled across, and alongside, and around it, for some two or three hundred miles? This, then, was the Deep Cut! Oh, minimum of marvels! A look or two was *suffequence*. It was a rainy day; the village grocers were taking in their cod-fish and fly-bespotted macaroni; every thing was gloomy and dismal: consequently it was resolved *nem. con.*, to give the Deep Cut a *dead* cut, which was suddenly performed.

In the lower town, our vehicular machinery stuck fast in the mud. This afforded time for a maiden lady, of whom I shall speak anon, to sally forth from an indifferent-looking domicil, near the upper quarter, and take her seat. At last, the imbedded wheels asserted their freedom, and went *gushing* along, at the rate of a mile an hour, precisely like the pawing wheels of a steam-boat in a heavy sea on Long-Island Sound.

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STOPPED a few minutes to say how-d'ye-do to a clever relation. Found ample time for my purpose, while the coach was lumbering by. Looked out from his handsome law-office upon a wide domain of mud, and meadows filled with stumps, and ancient logs, reeking with the rain. Every thing looked remorselessly unprepossessing. The clay in the road was of a yellowish cream color, some uniform fifteen inches deep, beside. Anathematized the town to my sometime companion, averring solemnly unto him, that if Lockport were built of ducats, and the abdomen of every little hill in its neighborhood pregnant with precious stones and jewels, I would not there reside. I still hold my mind; but mayhap a fair day, a robe of sunshine over that region, and other appliances and pleasaunces to boot, would have altered my opinions. But what I've writ, I've writ — perchance unjustly to the place. But 'situated, and I might add, circumstanced as I was,' and with my present memories, I must say '*them's* my sentiments.' Fair words I blow to the winds, and candor reigns supreme. Yet I have heard those whose judgment is *law* with me on the subject of scenery, declare that Lockport is possessed of delightful haunts — that the neighborhood around is like a paradise, in summer. I will believe them; and I charge the elements with the verdict of my first impressions.

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WE soon found that the maiden lady who entered at Lockport was a person of great scholastic acquirements, and of a very communicative turn of mind. A few miles from that town, (which who-so entereth, if in our way of thought, will reach without emotion and leave without regret,) we entered, out of a lonely and muddy turnpike, much the same as that at Lockport, upon that delectable road, denominated *Ridge*. It is good in rain or shine. Some inquiries being made, whether we were not on better ground, the maiden oped her vocal orifice, and observed: 'A'yes — that were the Ridge-d Road which we have stricken, on the brow of the hill, o'er which the driver have just riz!'

Shortly after this, she abdicated, and was deposited at the house of a friend by the way-side.

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WHAT shall I say of Rochester — one of the Queens of the West? The approach to it is through a delicious country, that will yet be cultured by the hand of taste into a very Eden. What fair embowered towns, with their white steeples, occur at intervals on every side! What a sweet and rosy generation is rising around! We saw

them, as it were, by legions; fine healthy responsibilities, curtsying or bowing to the traveler, their shining faces illumined with intelligence, made brighter at the school from which they went and came.

The entrance to Rochester, from the West, is impressive by contrast; and when you are once rattling over its pavements, and through its long streets, you fancy yourself in New-York, or eke in Philadelphia. The suburbs are beautiful. I envied so deeply the lot of some certain friends who escorted us along the banks of the fair Genessee, and showed us the Falls of that charming river, that their residences still rise to my eye as the very acmé of rural establishments. From the roof of one, (which must be a palace anon,) I looked down upon flowery walks, the sparkling cataract, the vast pine forests to the north — the blue Ontario beyond — the city, with its turrets, some of which are like those which peer above an old feudal town in Europe — upon rail-cars rattling to and fro, while the horns of canal-men came musically upon the breeze — upon the shady dwellings of good old friends in the suburbs — and as I looked, I said, ‘*This shall be glorified by Ollapod!*’

In a survey of the environs of Rochester, there is enough to kindle the dullest imagination. Prophecy itself will be distanced in its predictions by the swift-coming future. To-day, you may wander over a flowery meadow, or through the tangled thickets of a forest, scarcely as yet redeemed from the darkness of the past; to-morrow, the new street springs into being; the bustle of trade fills the late quiet atmosphere; the flouring mill sends its busy wheels round and round; the clink of the blacksmith’s hammer, the hum of the cotton-gin, the saw of the carpenter — all the sounds and sights of city life, greet your ear and your vision. As I journeyed with attentive friends in the suburbs, I pointed out to them places where country seats could be erected, in the most calm and poetical retreats. Alas! I found too soon, that these sweet recesses were already marked out in village lots, and that within ‘an incredibly short space of time,’ they would be converted into paved thoroughfares, and manufacturing or commercial blocks!

One sees enough in these embryo cities of the West, to dissuade him from any thing like prophecy. The barren place, touched by the wand of enterprize, springs at once into newness of life: a community, famed for pure morality, and the honest but unbending and resolute energies of its members, as in the case of Rochester, goes on from strength to strength, until its friends become surprised with unexpected triumphs, the traveler amazed at the increase of population, and the patriot charmed with the prospect of days to come. For me, there is something of sadness in this stirring and changeful scene. By and by, the music of the pine will be lost to the gale; the cataract will minister to the stomachs of a voracious public; and the wave that laughed and tumbled picturesquely in the sunshine, will be seduced into the mill-race, or made to minister to the dollar-and-cent gyrations of the spinning jenny! Oh, dreadful profanation! But few will lament the loss of the forest or the torrent, when the

‘almighty dollar’ can be made, by their subserviency or their removal, to propagate and fructify!

WELL — perhaps it is best. You cannot satisfy one gastronomic craving with a green tree or a golden sunset; and a water-fall butters no parsnips. Your turnip will not come from a cloud, nor will your requisite potato drop from a rainbow. Neither do beef-steaks come from the moon. Wherefore, while there are abdominal cavities to be refreshed, for the benefit of frail humanity — while rosy lips are but the glowing gateways of pork, and beans, and cabbage — while these exist, with their diurnal wants and requirements, it will be quite useless to gainsay their demands, or to sentimentalize upon their unpoetical aspects.

Wherefore, I pray and beseech of you, worthy reader, not to expect that I shall, on every occasion, burst forth, like a steamer at the highest heat, into the misty utterance of poetry and of romance. Let us congratulate each other upon our country. It is a glorious one — do n’t you think so? Are you an American? Give us your hand! You like the stars, the eagle, and the stripes — do you not? Give us another grip! We shall shortly meet again. Are you going? Give us a lock of your hair. No? Well — never mind; we shall meet again. Till then, God bless you!

Ever thine,

OLLAFOD.

#### THE STARS: AN EXTRACT.

I WALK abroad at midnight, and my eye,  
Purged from its sensual blindness, upward turns,  
And wanders o’er the dark and spangled sky,  
Where every star, a fount of being, burns,  
And pours out life, as Naiads, from their urns,  
Drop their refreshing dew on herbs and flowers:  
I gaze, until my fancy’s eye discerns,  
As in an azure hall, the assembled powers  
Of nature spend in deep consult those solemn hours.

Methinks I hear their language — but it sounds  
Too high for my conception, as the roar  
Of thunder in the mountains, when it bounds  
From peak to peak; or on the echoing shore  
The tempest-driven billows bursting pour,  
And raise their awful voices; or the groan  
Rumbling in *Ætna’s* entrails, ere its store  
Of lava spouts its red jets; or the moan  
Of winds, that war within their caverned walls of stone.

And there is melody among those spheres,  
A music sweeter than the vernal train,  
Or fay notes, which the nymph-struck shepherd hears,  
Where moonlight dances on the liquid plain,  
That curls before the west wind, till the main  
Seems waving like a ruffled sheet of fire —  
’Tis Nature’s Alleluia; and again  
The stars exult, as when the Eternal Sire  
Said, ‘Be there light,’ and light shone forth at his desire.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

## THE DOOMED ONE.

—  
 'My grief  
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;  
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,  
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days  
 That you shall look upon.'

SHAKSPEARE.

## I.

THE convict bowed him in his narrow cell:  
 His troubled dream of life was flitting fast;  
 One day remained, and then the tolling bell  
 Must measure of his weary hours the last.  
 What theme upon his fancy breaking,  
 Thus flings its light along his brow?  
 He seems as one from sadness waking  
 To some sweet vision now.  
 Ah! o'er his heavy heart has come  
 One of those vivid dreams of home,  
 The troubled spirit loves to trace,  
 Whate'er, where'er its resting place:  
 The cottage in the valley shade,  
 By the tall beech and maple made;  
 The low piazza, where the vine  
 In flowering folds its tendrils twine;  
 The silver brook, that gliding by,  
 Pictures at eve the starry sky;  
 The soft, deep hush that evening brings  
 Enfolded in her balmy wings,  
 And in the honey-suckle bower,  
 His sweet and rural home beside,  
 Smiling, as in her bridal hour,  
 He clasps his gentle bride—  
 Presses her to his heart—while, see!  
 His little children climb his knee.

\* \* \* \*

## II.

With echoing clang the bolts are riven,  
 And fancy's startled visions roll,  
 Like mists before the thunder driven,  
 From his awakened soul.  
 They come to speak of his hastening doom,  
 They come to speak of his distant home,  
 Of the children bereft of a father's care,  
 And the wife left broken-hearted there;  
 And, in the kindest tones they may,  
 Proffer a parting hour to-day.  
 From the hard pallet where he laid,  
 He started at that word, and said;  
 'Let them not come! I cannot bide  
 The misery of that meeting yet;  
 And there is still one day beside,  
 Ere yet my sun of life must set;  
 My children! my sweet orphan boy!  
 Each lost, yet loved and cherished one,  
 Once nursed upon the lap of joy,  
 Now wretched and undone!  
 My heart would break, in each dear face  
 The ruin I have wrought, to trace!  
 Yet stay! my blue-eyed daughter bring,  
 She knows not of my doom or shame,  
 And I should love to hear her sing,  
 Of peace and innocence, the strain,  
 I never more may hear again;  
 And call once more my name,



And lay her warm young cheek to mine,  
 And gaze upon that face where sweet,  
 In every soft and gentle line,  
 Her mother's grace and beauty meet.'

\* \* \* \*

III.

With fearful tread, by taper light,  
 Amazed at all that met her sight,  
 Her throbbing heart too full to weep,  
 They led her to the dungeon deep:  
 But when she saw, in that dark place,  
 Her loved and long-sought father's face,  
 With one wild bound and wilder shriek,  
 Her pale lips fell upon his cheek.  
 'Father! dear father! why stay here?  
 This place is dark, and damp, and drear;  
 Oh! how unlike our pleasant home,  
 Its sunshine sweet, and scented bowers,  
 Oh come with me, my father, come!  
 And I will pluck the sweetest flowers  
 That in our garden grow, for you,  
 And we shall be so happy, too!  
 Mother has wept and wept, until  
 Her very heart is pained and sore;  
 We told her you would come, but still  
 She kissed us all, and wept the more:  
 What have we done, my father dear,  
 That you should stay so long? Oh yet  
 Come home!—you are not happy here;  
 Your cheek is cold, your brow is wet:  
 Oh come, and we will ne'er again  
 Do any thing to give you pain.'

\* \* \* \*

IV.

The father calmly raised her head:  
 'I cannot come just now,' he said;  
 'But sing me one of those sweet airs  
 You used to sing at eventide,  
 When, gathered on our green hill's side,  
 We all forgot our cares.'

\* \* \* \*

V.

Her silken hair behind she flung,  
 She clasped her little hands, and sung,  
 Soft as the fabled bird, whose notes  
 With its last life-throb sweetest floats.  
 Through tears, her soul to music given,  
 Swelled in each gloomy recess there,  
 Like an enchanting song of heaven,  
 Amid the caverns of despair.  
 It was a song of home's sweet ties,  
 Of love—and blended souls in one—  
 And all her young heart's sympathies  
 Were in each word and tone.

\* \* \* \*

VI.

He listened—gazed and listened—and a smile  
 Came o'er the darkness of his brow awhile;  
 As though the cold, cold waters of despair,  
 Thawed from his heart, had left the sunshine there.  
 She ceased! The spell was broken—to his brain  
 Rushed back the sense of what he was again;  
 The ice congealed around his heart once more,  
 And the fierce agony of life was o'er:  
 One frantic shriek, 'My God! my child! my home!'  
 And his rent spirit fled to meet its doom.

DELTA.

## MUSIC.

THE benefits which flow from the cultivation of music, have long been acknowledged to be great. The principles of patriotism, morality, and religion, are each infixed most deeply, when whispered to the soul in the moving melody of song. How is the love of country enkindled by a national ode! Moral truth sinks deep into the heart, and is never forgotten, when conveyed there in the accents of music. The plaintive strain can melt the heart to tenderness and compassion, and the breathings of soft melody calm and cheer the troubled and sorrowing bosom. And who that has heard the chanting of solemn praise, in the worship of God, but has been carried upward in thought, and filled with reverence and holy emotion?

It is the office of music to heighten enjoyment; and such is the organization of man, that he feels impelled by the necessity of his nature, even in his rudest state, to seek for it in some form or other. Civilized and refined, if deprived of all music, he would feel life to be little less than miserable. It is because music is thus valuable to man, that science has lent her aid, and art her skill, to render it as perfect in theory and practice as is possible. On a few simple elements is based an extensive and profound theory, demonstrated by mathematical calculation and nice philosophical experiment; and to such perfection has the practice of each department of the art at length been brought, that an industrious application, for years, is required, before any one can claim the distinction of a master. Happily, however, the gratifications which flow from music are not necessarily dependent upon such high scientific attainments; and the song of the untutored peasant often carries to the refined and cultivated mind a thrill of delight. And thus does nature sometimes mock at human effort in other arts — and the poet, the painter, the orator, and the sculptor of the schools, turns back to study and admire the productions of some disciple of nature. How beautiful and yet how simple! Take the first compositions of the child Mozart, untaught in every rule, yet violating none. Handel and Haydn, too, though less precocious, passing, even in childhood, at one bound all common attainments, and standing in their maturity on an eminence beyond the reach of their contemporaries and successors. The efforts of the great masters in all the arts, destined to survive the longest, are those which present to the mind the most beautiful pictures, in a certain near conformity with the truth of nature. These remain as models for future generations, and all others are comparatively ephemeral.

Music is natural to man. The mother has scarcely presented the breast to her infant, before she warbles music in its ear, and it listens with pleasure, and is quiet. Thus pillowed, it drinks in melody, as the food of the mind; and when it hungers for that nutriment, it often attempts to gratify the desire, even in its tenderest age: its little song brings to itself the desired pleasure, and to the ears of its fond parent untold delight. Surely, it is no marvel that we love music, and well might the great master poet denounce him who hath none in his soul.

A proper cultivation of the art should undoubtedly be regarded

as a national benefit, inasmuch as it is calculated to promote individual and social happiness, and with very few if any exceptions, may, like common education, be placed within the reach of all. In some parts of Europe, this has nearly been accomplished within the last few years, and with very gratifying results. Our own country is profiting greatly by the experiments and success of German ingenuity; and the day we think is not very distant, when a general knowledge of the art will be taught, and considered as a necessary part of a common education. No fears, we apprehend, need be entertained that we shall deteriorate in physical or moral power, by a dissemination of such knowledge: on the contrary, we should be invigorated in both. Much time that is now thrown away, and often worse than wasted, would be devoted to social, virtuous, intellectual improvement; and that insidious destroyer, *Phthisis*, would be cheated of many a victim. This is not a chimera: eminent names might be cited, and many instances adduced, to corroborate the position, but what is better, we can point to a whole nation, in demonstration of the truth. We speak, of course, of the effects of vocal music. And is not this philosophical? Does not the exercise of singing strengthen and expand the chest, and give increased activity and power to the vital organs? We ask the credulous, (healthy or unhealthy,) to try the experiment for a single month, by devoting a few minutes each day to the exercise of speaking, reading, or singing, in a full tone of voice, with a gradually-increasing effort, and we presume their doubts will be removed. That inferences may be drawn from facts, we have selected a few cases, and the following are the several ages of twelve celebrated musicians of the last century, taken, without particular selection, from a biographical work now before us: 83, 78, 51, 81, 57, 60, 72, 75, 75, 35, 73, 53. For such a result, we were by no means prepared, when we commenced the examination of the record. How unfortunate, then, is the very common objection, that singing is injurious to health?

If any deference is due to the opinions of eminent medical gentlemen, singing is certainly to be regarded as a means of preserving health. 'Vocal music,' says Dr. Rush, 'should never be neglected in the education of a young lady; and he adds, that beside its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. I here introduce a fact,' says the Doctor, 'that has been suggested to me by my profession, which is, that the exercise of the organs by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which climate and other causes expose them. The Germans,' he continues, 'are seldom afflicted with consumption; nor have I known more than one or two instances of the spitting of blood among them. This I believe is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education.' Other favorable testimony might be adduced, if it were deemed necessary. Without resorting to fable or conjecture, many well-authenticated facts might be cited, to prove the efficacy of music in *restoring* health; and its influence upon the social feelings and relations of life is well known to all, and argument is not required to substantiate it.

Considering the importance which is attached to vocal music, as forming a part of the religious services of all denominations in the United States, it is surprising that such apathy should prevail on the subject of its cultivation, among Christians generally, and among the clergy especially, many of whom enter upon the duties of their high calling, ignorant even of the first principles of the art, and therefore totally disqualified to exert any salutary influence in making it subservient to the purposes of devotion. And this will continue to be the case, until professorships shall be established in our colleges, and filled with able masters, capable of teaching the *practice*, as well as the theory, of the art. Thanks, however, to the philanthropists of the age, and the zeal of the votaries of music, the public are beginning to feel its moral power, and a deeper interest and a better taste are becoming manifest almost daily. In proof of this, it is among the extraordinary occurrences of the last few months, in this city, that a public singer has been listened to with delight, and encored with enthusiasm, although his performances were characterized by the greatest simplicity, and lacked even the deformity of an Italian trill.

We hope that Mr. Russell's style of singing will be adopted by some of those who perform music in our churches, and that *pure tone*, a perfect *intonation*, distinct *articulation*, and correct *enunciation*, accompanied by a full knowledge of the subject, and an impassioned manner of delivery, will succeed that dissonant mouthing which murders language and sentiment with cruel music.

In listening to a singer, the first thing which attracts the notice of the ear, is the quality of the voice. If that is good, a favorable impression is already made, and farther attention secured. The production of *pure tone*, therefore, should be one of the first objects of the vocalist. This constitutes what is generally understood by a good voice.

Pure tone is characterized, as we conceive, without being skilled in the language of the art, by an entire freedom from any peculiarity arising from a *wrong position*, or a bad conformation of the vocal organs. Impurity, in most cases, is occasioned more by the former than the latter influence.

The possession of a *fine tone*, however, does not afford security against that unendurable fault, horrible to a musical ear, *false intonation*. Deliver us, ye powers! from its maddening effects! There are two forms of this fault, which are not uncommon: one is, when the intervals of the scale, or some of them, are incorrectly tuned: this alone is bad enough; the other is still worse, and both are sometimes heard in connexion, when the voice, as the phrase is, 'flats, or falls from the pitch.' Singers that are most *gifted* in this way, never practice what instructors call '*sol-fa-ing*;' and as to the scale, they know nothing of *that*. The only remedy is, to study and practice both.

The scale; in itself, is extremely simple, consisting of a few fixed sounds, having a certain relative connection, and dependent upon each other. This scale is founded upon the laws which nature has established. To disregard its construction, therefore, is to disregard the principles of nature. The progressions of the scale are from *one to eight*, each point of division being distinguished by a name.

The musician gives names to these sounds, for the same reason that names are given to other things: *namely*, that he may the better know them, and understand their relative connection, place, and properties. He considers the scale, as in fact it is, the alphabet of music, and he calls each sound by a separate name, as we do the letters of another alphabet. By practice, the sound becomes identified with its name, and the singer learns to produce that sound with certainty whenever he sees the note which bears the name, upon the principle that we pronounce a word correctly, being previously acquainted with the true sound of the letters of which it is composed. It is quite preposterous, therefore, to attempt to sing by musical rotation, without a knowledge of the principles which govern it.

The great error of teachers and pupils, in this as in other departments of learning, is, a neglect of *rudimental instruction*. But the modern system of teaching is doing wonders, wherever it is introduced; and the black-board and a piece of chalk are found to be far more useful, than the birchen rod and a labored treatise. It is with this simple apparatus, that a whole community may be taught to read music with facility in a few short lessons. The experiment has been tried, and some thousands have been found able to perform together, after a very little practice.

In this way, music may be introduced into all our schools, without any loss of time to other studies, since it can easily be made to supply the place and office of a recreation. Children learn with surprising rapidity, when thus instructed, and the good effects upon the schools where it has been attempted, are fully attested by the teachers.

As yet, we have no musical character, as a nation; and the question which was once tauntingly asked, may, with a slight variation, be repeated: '*Who sings an American tune?*' And who does *not* now read American books? So it may soon be said of music. Have we grown effeminate, by paying some attention to literary pursuits? Are we less industrious? — less virtuous? — less happy, and prosperous, on that account? Why then should we neglect to furnish for ourselves another source of intellectual gratification? — another proof that we are equal to any attainments, within the scope of human effort?

It is the department of music which is denominated *sacred*, however, which is most deserving of public approbation. Music, when associated with religious or moral sentiment, can have no injurious tendency. On the contrary, it cannot but render those sentiments more attractive, when clothed in so lovely a dress.

The formation of musical associations, when properly and ably conducted, has a direct tendency to promote this good cause. That which we most need, to render these benefits permanent, is the establishment of an institution for musical instruction, under the direction of an energetic and well-appointed government, in which competent and devoted teachers shall be employed, and regular instructions given, as in other institutions of learning.

The only successful attempt, we believe, to establish such a school, has been made at Boston, and that has been nobly sustained, is flourishing, and doing great good.

A society was organized in this city, in 1835, styled the '*New-York Academy of Sacred Music*,' of which the Rev. Dr. SPRING is President, and Mr. THOMAS HASTINGS and Mr. ABNER JONES, Professors. It has not, however, as we have reason to fear, been conducted in such a manner as to insure extensive benefits. Yet we cannot but hope that the well-known and commendable zeal of the denomination to whose patronage it is entitled, will be exerted to place it upon a right basis, and render it what its name purports — a nursery for sacred music.

We are glad to learn, from a circular lately issued, that another institution, called the '*New-York Protestant Episcopal Church Music Society*,' has been formed, which, it is earnestly to be hoped, may *accomplish* something creditable to the church under whose auspices the society proposes to go forward, in carrying out its designs. We notice among its officers the names of the Rev. Drs. HAWKS, ANTHON, Rev. J. F. SHROEDER, and B. M. BROWN, and C. H. ROACH, Esqrs., — names which are a sufficient guaranty, that the operations of the society will be conducted with judgment and energy, should that patronage be extended which is solicited in their circular.

Secular music has attained to a high degree of perfection. It asks and it receives a liberal patronage — for the public *love music*; and genius brings its offering, and talent lends its aid, and skill exerts its power, in that department only where genius, and talent, and skill, meet their deserved reward.

The institutions last named are devoted to the interests of sacred music, exclusively. Their efforts are to be directed to the reclaiming of church music from the merited disgrace into which, through neglect alone, it has fallen. We shall see whether the *Christian* community will sustain them.

The '*New-York Sacred Music Society*' is the senior institution of the city. Its objects are distinct from those above named, and confined to the oratorial department. In that way it has effected much for the cause. Many excellent entertainments have been given, and they have been well attended. An opportunity has thus been afforded to those who might have refused their countenance elsewhere, to hear the best professional talent, both vocal and instrumental, which could be procured. It may be questioned whether such a course has not tended to repress the efforts of talent among its members, and to create in the public a taste somewhat too fastidious; although it must be granted, that fine specimens of execution have occasionally been exhibited. The chorus singers belonging to the society are numerous; but they should be better trained, as the instruments are compelled to *lead* — a fault which is sure to prevail, where vocal instruction is not especially attended to.

All efforts for musical culture and entertainment, however, are greatly impeded in this city, by the want of a MUSIC HALL, suited to all the purposes of instruction, practice, and exhibition.

The '*Handel and Haydn Society*' of the '*Town of Boston*,' find in Faneuil Hall, a spacious and elegant room, suited to the grand scale of its operations; and the spirited and energetic government of '*The Boston Academy of Music*' have in the '*Odeon*' the capacity of a theatre for their accommodation, fitted up in a style which



displays much taste, and great liberality. The consequences of *such* efforts are, to draw together talented and efficient professors, who, through their pupils, and by their publications, are exerting an influence over the musical taste of the whole nation, enriching themselves and the establishments with which they are connected, by the sale of more than three-fourths of all the music-books now used in the United States. If this be doubted, let the reader look at the imprint of the music books in the market.

But the Hall—the Hall! Will not the citizens of this great metropolis sustain such an enterprise? Who would not be proud to point the distinguished stranger from the old world, to an edifice such as should grace the FIRST city of the new world, and say, ‘That is the *Musical College of New-York?*’ Were such a Hall provided, and proper facilities afforded for instruction in those departments of the art which are acknowledged to be useful, the moral benefits would soon be found to far outweigh the required expenditure, and the ultimate results would exceed all calculation.\*

#### TRUST IN HEAVEN.

‘This world is all a fleeting show,  
For man’s illusion given;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —  
There’s nothing true but heaven!’

MOORE.

##### I.

Trust in heaven! — when o’er thy path,  
Clouds and tempests come in wrath;  
When thy grief oppresseth thee,  
When obscured thy prospects be,  
When around thee mists are driven,  
Heed them not, but trust in heaven!

##### II.

Trust in heaven! — when morning lifts  
Up her head, and casts her gifts,  
Light and dew, upon the earth;  
When she brings the blossoms forth,  
Till shall shine the stars of even,  
For a safeguard, trust in heaven!

##### III.

Trust in heaven! — when there afar  
Burneth many a glorious star;  
Canst *thou* doubt, when thus their light  
Gleams unshadowed through the night,  
That protection may be given  
To thy pillow? — trust in heaven!

##### IV.

Trust in heaven! — when one by one  
Sweet the waves of hope glide on,  
Leaving thee a wreck at last  
On the shore whence they have passed;  
Though thy heart be wrung and riven,  
Still forever trust in heaven!

##### V.

Trust in heaven! — when from its way  
Those thou lovest go astray;  
Strive, still strive to bring them back  
To its straight and thornless track;  
And that truth may soon be given  
To their spirits, trust in heaven!

##### VI.

Trust in heaven! — it shall not fail,  
When the darkest griefs prevail;  
And when death at length shall come,  
When around thee spreads his gloom,  
Pray that thou may’st be forgiven —  
Place thy dearest trust in heaven!

\* It is known to the writer of this article, that a gentleman of enlarged philanthropy planned such an enterprise, and opened a negotiation a few months since, which, had it been successful, would have secured all that is wished. It was necessarily broken off, but it has not yet passed the possibility of accomplishment, should it be demanded by the public.

## STANZAS:

TO ELIZABETH ON HER SECOND BIRTH-DAY.

Look at the fate of summer flowers,  
Which blow at day-break, droop ere even-song;  
And, grieved for their brief date, confess that ours  
Measured by what we are, and ought to be,  
Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee,  
Is not so long!

WORDSWORTH.

## I.

Opening bud of vernal life,  
Watched with smiles and tears!  
Changing with the fitful strife  
Of love's hopes and fears:  
Hopes that, with enchanting eyes,  
Whisper of elysian skies,  
And a sunny path, which lies  
Through a world of bloom;  
Fears that frown in hope's despite,  
Muttering wild of storm and blight,  
And the swift untimely night  
Of an early tomb!

## II.

Hope still speaks thy weal to Fear,  
Fear to Hope thy wo;  
Which will prove the wiser seer,  
Time alone can show:  
I have learned that both may be  
Prophets false of destiny,  
Seeing what no ken can see  
In life's forward sky;  
But as onward still we grope,  
Let us trust that witching Hope  
Hath thy fate's dim horoscope  
Read with truer eye.

## III.

Yet in such a changing scene,  
Though thy lot be bright,  
Clouds shall frequent pass, I ween,  
O'er thy spirit's light:  
Maiden prime shall bring its snares,  
Riper years their matron cares;  
Time at broadcast scatters tares  
Where it sows the flowers;  
And in spite of our endeavor  
Loathed from lovely to dis sever,  
Side by side thy twine, and ever  
Mingled crop is ours.

## IV.

Beauty like a glory lies  
O'er thy being now,  
Mirrored in thy glad blue eyes,  
And thy cherub brow;  
Wreathed with many a glossy tress  
Of such amber loveliness  
As no poet can express,  
Paint he e'er so well;  
And the budding lip, that shows  
More of ruby than of rose,  
And the dimpled cheek, which glows  
Like the rose-steeped shell.

## V.

Nursling of a rugged clime!  
These are now thy dower;  
But o'er these the despot Time  
Hath a demon's power;  
Speed can never foil his flight,  
Darkness muffle from his sight,  
Strength nor beauty stay his might,  
Though an angel plead;  
Nature's self is but his thrall —  
Oak and adamant wall  
At his ruthless summons fall,  
Like a smitten reed.

## VI.

Yet to wisdom's clearer sight,  
Murmur as we may,  
Seems it vain to mourn the blight  
Of the flowers of clay;  
Frailer and less fair than those  
Which their tender charms disclose  
By the marge of lingering snows,  
In some sunny vale,  
Ere the earliest warblers bring  
Tidings of the loitering spring,  
And while winter's icy wing  
Shivers on the gale.

## VII.

Therefore, fairest, do not trust  
To so vain a stay;  
Beauty's but a nicer bust  
Of earth's common clay;  
Born to no diviner mood,  
Finer nerve or richer blood,  
Than her favored sisterhood,  
Humbler gifted, are;  
Hour by hour her graces fly,  
Fast her cherished roses die,  
And the glory of her eye  
Setteth like a star!

## VIII.

But thy being's nobler part,  
Inly throned to reign  
O'er the many-passioned heart,  
And the scheming brain—  
Give to that o'er-mastering power,  
When the Will would snatch the flower  
From temptation's upas bower,  
Though the asp be seen  
Coiled within its charmed dyes;  
And when earth in chaos lies,  
Thou above the wreck shalt rise,  
Scathless and serene!

P.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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A LETTER FROM DOCTOR BRIGHAM TO DAVID M. REESE, M. D., Author of '*Phrenology Known by its Fruits.*' pp. 24.

THE author of '*Phrenology Known by its Fruits*' is exhibited, by this Letter of Dr. BRIGHAM, in a most humiliating and ridiculous aspect. By copious extracts from his work, and from the book it professes to review, he is convicted of gross professional mistakes; of using language which would disgrace a political libeller; of altering and mutilating sentences he professes to quote, so as entirely to pervert their original meaning; of ascribing to Dr. Brigham passages which are quotations in his work, and are marked as such; and even of inserting as extracts from his book, sentences and sentiments, the substance of which, either in meaning or language, is not to be found in that volume. Dr. Brigham asserts, and so far as we have examined, he proves, that *every one* of Dr. Reese's charges against his work, is based upon some palpable misstatement of his recorded opinions, or misquotation of his words. The '*Fruits of Phrenology*' was evidently intended by its author for circulation among those who would probably never see the work it affects to refute. The misquotations are too glaring, to be accounted for on any other theory. And no doubt the author's end will in a measure be attained, since his book will be read by many who may never see the work it pretends to discuss, nor the modest vindication contained in this Letter; and the charges of 'ignorance,' 'stupidity,' 'infidelity,' 'heresy,' and 'falsehood,' so rudely made, will pass unrefuted. So far at least, however, as the twenty or thirty thousand readers of this Magazine are concerned, it is our intention to obviate this result.

The pamphlet before us is written with such condensation as to render it difficult to make any satisfactory abstract. Dr. Brigham, in his former work, examined the influence of religious rites upon the physical condition of mankind, in all ages and in all countries. Among these, he discussed the fanatical proceedings of some Christian sects, in former times and at the present day; taking care to avow his belief in the 'divine origin' of Christianity—in its 'inconceivable beauty and philanthropy;' and averring that it alone 'was sufficient for man's salvation.' These expressions, though there are many others of similar import, were sufficiently explicit, in a treatise not *theological*, but purely *medical*. Dr. Reese endeavors to create the impression that Dr. Brigham treated only of the *Christian* religion, in its purest forms, and charged to *its legitimate influence* the horrid rites of human sacrifices, mutilations, etc. 'These enormities,' says Dr. Brigham, in reply, 'I never thought of attributing to true religion, and your motives for attempting to make your readers suppose I have done so, *I leave you to explain.*'

Dr. Reese's book is entitled, '*Phrenology Known by its Fruits*;' and these fruits, as contained in the work of Dr. Brigham, are said to be 'infidelity,' 'falsehood,' 'stupidity,' and 'an assault upon medical truth.' The Letter before us contains a summary of the peculiar doctrines of phrenology, as given by Professor Dunglinson, in his

Physiology, and conclusively shows, that not *one of those doctrines is contained in his book*. On the contrary, he adds, that he has 'never been a full believer in phrenology;' that observation has compelled him to believe in the plurality of the intellectual faculties, and of the organs of the brain by which they are exhibited; but that he has had neither time nor opportunity to verify the other doctrines of this science, though he confesses, in the words of Dr. Abernethy, his 'inability to offer any rational objections to Gall and Spurzheim's system of phrenology, as affording a satisfactory explanation of the nature of human actions.' It is evident, therefore, that the conclusions of Dr. Brigham are not the 'Fruits of *Phrenology*,' whatever else they may be. Indeed, Dr. Reese's knowledge of that science is rendered very questionable, by sundry absurd mistakes in his allusions to it. For instance, he asserts that Dr. Gall 'located the organ of memory in the eyes!' and that 'all phrenologists agree in attributing the *faculty of speech*, and the *power of articulating sounds*, to the eyes!' These are mistakes which would hardly be made by any one of common reading, much less by a physician and a 'phrenologist!'

It was remarked by Dr. Brigham, that 'excitement of the mind increases the *action of the brain*.' It might be supposed that no respectable physiologist or metaphysician could entertain a doubt of the truth of this proposition. Not so Dr. Reese. He expends a considerable portion of his work in denouncing it—particularly the '*action of the brain*.' He calls it 'a dogma of phrenology,' 'an imp of phrenology,' a fiction of phrenological theory,' 'anatomically and physiologically false,' 'a visionary fable,' 'a physical impossibility,' and a 'metaphysical absurdity!' The Letter under notice very coolly refutes these polite denunciations, by pointing out a similar use of the same phraseology, by a host of the best medical writers; by the illustrious Cabanis, by Vicq-d'Azyr, Richerand, Prichard, and Magendi; by Drs. Rush, Jackson, and Dunglinson, in this country, as well as by the best medical journals in Europe and America. After thus adducing the authority of nearly all the standard writers on physiology, he adds another—a very poor one, he admits—namely, Dr. Reese himself!—and then leaves him in the dilemma of choosing 'between ignorance of the best writers in his profession, or intentional misstatement.'

Several pages of the Letter are chiefly filled with examples of sentences, either misquoted, or so altered as entirely to change their meaning. The mangled paragraphs are marked as quotations of Dr. Brigham's own words. We shall extract but two or three examples. They are of so gross a character, that their exposure may be a warning against other similar attempts.

The following sentence is marked as a quotation from Dr. Brigham's book, and is denounced with great asperity. 'When a barbarian abolishes, of his own accord, polygamy, the mutilation of the body, castes, slavery, tyranny, and fanaticism, these absurdities once gone, the barbarian *becomes a Christian*!' The nearest parallel sentence in Dr. Brigham's book is as follows: 'No sooner does its (the Gospel's) morality enter into the hearts of barbarians, than they abolish, of their own accord, polygamy, the mutilation of the body, the usage of castes, slavery, tyranny, which is the contempt of man, and fanaticism, which is the ignorance of God. These abominations once gone, what stands before the heathen idols, in the individual? What but a Christian?' And this sentence, the reader must furthermore be told, is a quotation by Dr. Brigham from a work of Aimè-Martin, which is spoken of by the Foreign Quarterly Review, as a 'production which teems with morality and real religion!'

Doctor Brigham cited from an article of Esquirol, in 'Le Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales,' the following passage: 'When Christianity appeared, it directed the minds of men to the unity of God—silenced the Oracles, by enlightening men, and consecrated and extended the opinion of Plato and Socrates, as to the existence of

spirits!' Observe Dr. Reese's violent misrepresentation of the sentiment: 'Among other *flagrant exhibitions of depravity and infidelity*, we are here taught that Christianity ONLY consecrated and extended the opinion of Plato and Socrates, as to the existence of spirits!' Well may Dr. Brigham exclaim, 'Oh Shame! Shame! where is thy blush!'

'Doctor Brigham broadly intimates,' says the author of '*Phrenology Known by its Fruits*,' 'that theatre-going is not objectionable, on account of being injurious to the body!'

Doctor Brigham answers, by the only quotation from his book that relates to the subject: 'Every one knows that attendance upon theatres and balls is injurious to health. That hundreds of females lose their lives from complaints produced by attending them, few will doubt,' etc.

Dr. Reese: 'This' (viz., the influence of religion in preventing insanity) 'Dr. Brigham not only overlooks, but *utterly denies*.' Dr. Brigham had said, 'It is important to consider it is scarcely more true, that great and violent religious excitements, like all others, are injurious to health, than that the *entire neglect of devotion and religious duties is so*.'

Doctor Reese professes to quote the following words from the work he reviews: 'In all ages, religion has been one of the most fruitful sources of insanity.' Dr. Brigham replies, '*You have made up this sentence*, and attributed it to me.' In several sentences, also, the word 'only' is inserted, so as to distort the meaning; in others 'on' is substituted for 'by,' etc.

After a long and loathsome catalogue of similar misquotations, Dr. Brigham adds, 'If any person is not satisfied with the dishonesty of the reviewer, I will furnish twice the number of instances I have already.'

After this effectual exposure of the professional ignorance and unfairness of his antagonist, Dr. Brigham inquires, 'What possible excuse have you for the abusive epithets which are on almost every page of your book? I select a few from several hundred, to refresh your memory, in the hope — (a hope which has led us to make this abstract) — that, warned by your example, they will never again be used in a religious, medical, or any other controversy.' A sufficient specimen of these epithets we have already reluctantly been forced to transcribe in this notice.

'Not content,' says Dr. Brigham, 'with villifying myself, you treat others no better, and 'deal damnation round' on some of the most virtuous and illustrious of our profession. Thus you pronounce Georget a *French infidel*, and Esquirol another *French infidel*. Where is the least particle of evidence of the truth of these charges? M. Georget died young — too soon for the good of science and humanity. But he lived long enough to acquire a reputation that has placed him in the front rank of distinguished medical men, and endeared his memory to the enlightened members of our profession in all countries. That he was an infidel, nothing in his writings indicates; and I presume you have not the least proof of your allegation. The illustrious Esquirol is still living — still devoting himself, though at an advanced age, to the welfare of suffering humanity. If there exists a man whose private worth, arduous and meritorious services, eloquent and useful writings, should have saved him from your calumnation, it should have saved *him*. That he is an infidel, *is not true*; and I trust there is not another medical man in our country but revolts at your attempt to villify him; and will with me rejoice, that after this *exposé*, it will be of no consequence what *you say* of any individual.'

" 'In regard to your charge of infidelity against my book,' says Dr. Brigham, 'I hardly consider it necessary to reply, farther than to say distinctly that it is *wholly false*.' \* \* 'Words would have failed me, had I attempted to state, in full, my admiration of the religion of Christ, as exhibited in the gospel. In that religion, I see nothing but good,

and the highest good of mankind. It has already been, upon earth, the most powerful promoter of the welfare of man; but the good it is yet to accomplish, when its true spirit is generally perceived, I trust, will be far greater. \* \* \* Then it will be found to be something more than a *name*, for hypocrites and useless drones to assume, to obtain that notoriety, and to gain that bread, to which no merit they possess, and no labors they perform, entitle them."

"Against this religion, I have never said one word; but, as a medical man, seeing evils, great evils, arising from certain practices lately introduced among some Christian sects, I ventured to address my countrymen." \* \* \* "I said that *pure religion*—Christianity—had no such effect." \* \* \* "I stated, however, that great mental excitement and anxiety, produced by what are called religious protracted meetings—sometimes protracted forty days, and sometimes exclusively for children—together with anxious meetings, camp-meetings, numerous night meetings, exciting preaching, and alarming doctrines, caused insanity, and other diseases. I remain of this opinion, and presume that every intelligent physician, every candid and well-informed man in the country, believes it to be correct."

The 'Letter' closes as follows, and every unprejudiced reader must admit, that the caustic severity of the paragraph is well deserved:

"But it is time to conclude; and I gladly do so, by submitting to the decision of my countrymen, whether I have done a good or an evil service to the country, in the work I published. To my professional brethren—to the hundreds of enlightened medical men in your city—I appeal for the correctness of the medical opinions I have advanced. Whether you have done a good service in assailing me, in the manner you have, and whether you have not been shown, in this short Letter, to be an ignoramus in your profession—a mere pretender to medical knowledge—a scurrilous controversialist—a libeller of your medical brethren, and a perverter of the truth—I also submit to the decision of the same tribunal."

The merited rebuke which public journals (including several which are religious, in the 'orthodox' sense of that much-abused term) have given Dr. Brigham's reviewer, since the publication of the present unanswerable and scorching exposé of his mode of warfare, together with the marked disapprobation which such unprincipled criticism has elicited, wherever in society its merits are discussed, and its injustice known, must serve to convince Dr. Reese that he acted unwisely, when he perilled the questionable controversial laurels which he had previously won, by engaging in unequal conflict with one so well qualified as Dr. Brigham to lay bare his ignorance and dishonesty. Now that his inflated pretensions are brought down to a level with his talents, by a necessary and most effective puncture, it may be hoped that the discomfited reviewer will be less anxious than heretofore to 'obtrude the private I upon the public eye,' or, at least, more guarded in the choice and use of his weapons offensive.

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GHAFAR AL BARMUKI, A TALE OF THE COURT OF HAROUN AL RASCHID. In two vols. 12mo. pp. 446. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MADAM RUMOR, a lady not always to be believed, although there is generally a portion of truth in what she says, has assigned the authorship of these hard-named volumes to a professional gentleman of this city, who has never left his native country, and whose pursuits and duties have left him little leisure to prosecute literary enterprises. This may be, and we believe is, indeed true; but most readers will find it difficult to credit it, after a perusal of this his first offering to the literary public. They will find scenes of oriental splendor, and the manners and customs of the East, depicted in such faithful colors, as to lead them at once to conclude, that none but an eastern traveler, possessed of a quick eye and a ready pen, could have spread these pictures before them.



The time chosen by the author, and the Arabian despot whose reign marked that era, have before been employed, and with success, by writers who have nevertheless failed to impart the interest which these volumes are calculated to awaken. The main point upon which 'Giafar Al Barmeki' turns — the destruction of the Barmecides by Haroun Al Raschid — as is well known, is a historical fact. Connected with this, however, is an under plot, managed with skill, and rendered highly exciting by an active imagination — which, preserving all the attractions of romance, still keeps within the bounds of nature — and a style remarkably appropriate, when it is considered that the work is from an unpractised hand. We recommend 'Giafar Al Barmeki' to our readers, as a work of decided interest, and as a token, moreover, that the writer has the power, should he choose to exercise it, to throw a shadow over some American novelists whom we wot of, who have more fame but less genius than himself.

EAST AND WEST. A Novel. By the Author of 'Clinton Bradshaw.' In two volumes. pp. 472. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

'CLINTON BRADSHAW' should have followed the present work, in the order of improvement, for to our way of thinking, it is in all respects superior to 'East and West,' which, as a novel, lacks many essential attributes. In the first place, it lacks plot. There are incidents enough, and now and then sketches which evince the capabilities of the author, were he adequately to digest in his mind a *traceable* plan of operations. What, for example, could be more graphic than the description of the contest and encounter of the steam-boats Turtle and Alexander, the bursting of the boiler of the latter, and the scenes which ensued? But this and kindred portions are but separate fragments, and not parts of a well-finished whole. There is another objection to the volumes under notice, and it is one to which 'Clinton Bradshaw' was also open, although to a much less degree. There is a want of refinement in the characters — especially in the male portraitures — which will strike the most casual reader. We should be loth to consider a western gentleman to be such as our author describes him. The defects, however, of 'East and West' appear to us more attributable to haste, and a want of well-digested method, than to lack of power on the part of the author. He is unquestionably a man of talent, and a close observer; and we look to see him avoid in future those drawbacks to his reputation, which have been pointed out in a spirit of kindness by his critics, and which we are sure his better judgment cannot fail to recognise.

THE RELIGIOUS OPINIONS AND CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON. By E. C. M'GUIRE. 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MR. M'GUIRE, the author of this book, is, as we learn, a highly respectable clergyman of Virginia, a man of talents, and by marriage a member of the Washington family; and he has for many years made it an object to collect and arrange the materials of this work. It may reasonably be accepted, therefore, as a conscientious production, which the perusal abundantly proves. Nothing of fidelity in the narration, of pains in research, of care and good judgment in the selection of matter, and of skill in the arrangement of it, seems to have been wanting to render the volume altogether the most pleasant life of Washington we have ever seen comprehended in

the same space, with reference to the same object. Indeed, the task of bringing out the religious character of Washington has never before been fairly and well performed. It is, therefore, in this light, a welcome novelty, and ought to be as dear to every American Christian patriot, as if it were the only record of the life of a man so highly revered by his country, and by the world. Nay, it ought to be the more precious, and justly claims to have a place in every family in the nation, since of all the attempts to give the life of Washington to the world, it is the only one which unlocks and displays that secret of his character which made him what he was—what he has ever been believed and known to be—an honest patriot; and which proves that he was honest, because he was a Christian. It has ever been the wonder of the world, why the idol of *such* a nation, in *such* circumstances, should have declined, perseveringly and to the last, all the advantages of his position, except so far as he could confer benefit on his country and upon mankind. It was because Washington was a *Christian*—because he had the fear of God before his eyes. Nothing could shake his purpose of living for others and not for himself. Washington is an exception to the history of our race under similar circumstances—and this book shows how and why he was so.

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ASTORIA, OR ANECDOTES OF AN ENTERPRISE BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. By WASHINGTON IRVING. In two vols. pp. 564. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THE general diffusion which this latest work of Mr. IRVING will have attained, long before these pages can reach our readers, must be our apology for not attempting, at so late a period, a detailed review which could possess neither newness nor interest to those by whom the volumes themselves have been devoured up. But we cannot permit the opportunity to pass, without expressing in brief our admiration of the exceedingly graphic and picturesque descriptions of exciting expeditions and adventures by land and sea, and the fine sketches of character, with which the work abounds. Indeed, as a history of the 'American Fur Company,' and of the large and important operations by which an eminent citizen has arisen to opulence and distinction, these volumes were alone well worthy of perusal and preservation. But when to this is superadded the charms of a diction kindred to that which has thrown a literary halo around the history of the 'world-seeking Genoese,' the result may readily be anticipated. Without enlarging, therefore, for the reasons stated, upon the merits of the work in detail, we proceed to transfer a separate picture, and the only one for which we can make room, of a striking scene, which we cannot but hope some American artist may think worthy—as it undoubtedly is—of the pencil.

It should be premised, that Mr. M'Kay is the interpreter, and that the Tonquin was a fine vessel, of two hundred and ninety tons burthen, employed in the first expedition planned by Mr. Astor, to carry out the people, stores, ammunition, and merchandise, requisite for establishing a fortified trading-post at the mouth of Columbia river. An Indian chief, receiving an indignity from a bluff trading-manager on board the ship, then lying at the mouth of Columbia river, goes on shore, and on the following morning his tribe return in canoes, for the ostensible purpose of trade, and, contrary to the caution enjoined by Mr. Astor, are permitted to clamber into the vessel from ever side:

"The officer of the watch now felt alarmed, and called to Captain Thorn and Mr. M'Kay. By the time they came on deck, it was thronged with Indians. The interpreter noticed to Mr. M'Kay that many of the natives wore short mantles of skins, and

intimated a suspicion that they were secretly armed. Mr. McKay urged the captain to clear the ship and get under way. He again made light of the advice; but the augmented swarm of canoes about the ship, and the numbers still putting off from shore, at length awakened his distrust, and he ordered some of the crew to weigh anchor, while some were sent aloft to make sail.

"The Indians now offered to trade with the captain on his own terms, prompted, apparently, by the approaching departure of the ship. Accordingly, a hurried trade was commenced. The main articles sought by the savages in barter, were knives; as fast as some were supplied they moved off, and others succeeded. By degrees they were thus distributed about the deck, and all with weapons.

"The anchor was now nearly up, the sails were loose, and the captain, in a loud and peremptory tone, ordered the ship to be cleared. In an instant a signal yell was given: it was echoed on every side, knives and war-clubs were brandished in every direction, and the savages rushed upon their marked victims.

"The first that fell was Mr. Lewis, the ship's clerk. He was leaning, with folded arms, over a bale of blankets, engaged in bargaining, when he received a deadly stab in the back, and fell down the companionway.

"Mr. McKay, who was seated on the taffrail, sprang on his feet, but was instantly knocked down with a war-club and flung backwards into the sea, where he was despatched by the women in the canoes.

"In the meantime, Captain Thorn made desperate fight against fearful odds. He was a powerful as well as resolute man, but he had come upon deck without weapons. Shewish, the young chief, singled him out as his peculiar prey, and rushed upon him at the first outbreak. The captain had barely time to draw a claspknife, with one blow of which he laid the young savage dead at his feet. Several of the stoutest followers of Shewish now set upon him. He defended himself vigorously, dealing crippling blows to right and left, and strewing the quarterdeck with the slain and wounded. His object was, to fight his way to the cabin, where there were fire-arms; but he was hemmed in with foes, covered with wounds, and faint with loss of blood. For an instant he leaned upon the tiller wheel, when a blow from behind, with a war club, felled him to the deck, where he was despatched with knives and thrown overboard.

"While this was transacting upon the quarterdeck, a chance medley fight was going on throughout the ship. The crew fought desperately with knives, handspikes, and whatever weapon they could seize upon in the moment of surprise. They were soon, however, overpowered by numbers, and mercilessly butchered.

"As to the seven who had been sent aloft to make sail, they contemplated with horror the carnage that was going on below. Being destitute of weapons, they let themselves down by the running rigging, in hopes of getting between decks. One fell in the attempt, and was instantly despatched; another received a death blow in the back as he was descending; a third, Stephen Weekes, the armorer, was mortally wounded as he was getting down the hatchway.

"The remaining four made good their retreat into the cabin, where they found Mr. Lewis, still alive, though mortally wounded. Barricading the cabin door, they broke holes through the companionway, and, with the muskets and ammunition which were at hand, opened a brisk fire which soon cleared the deck.

"Thus far the Indian interpreter, from whom these particulars are derived, had been an eye-witness of the deadly conflict. He had taken no part in it, and had been spared by the natives as being of their race. In the confusion of the moment he took refuge with the rest in the canoes. The survivors of the crew now sallied forth, and discharged some of the deck guns, which did great execution among the canoes, and drove all the savages to shore.

"For the remainder of the day no one ventured to put off to the ship, deterred by the effects of the fire-arms. The night passed away without any further attempt on the part of the natives. When the day dawned, the Tonquin still lay at anchor in the bay, her sails all loose and flapping in the wind, and no one apparently on board of her. After a time, some of the canoes ventured forth to reconnoitre, taking with them the interpreter. They paddled about her, keeping cautiously at a distance, but growing more and more emboldened at seeing her quiet and lifeless. One man at length made his appearance on the deck, and was recognised by the interpreter as Mr. Lewis. He made friendly signs, and invited them on board. It was long before they ventured to comply. Those who mounted the deck met with no opposition; no one was to be seen on board; for Mr. Lewis, after inviting them, had disappeared. Other canoes now pressed forward to board the prize; the decks were soon crowded, and the sides covered with clambering savages, all intent on plunder. In the midst of their eagerness and exultation, the ship blew up with a tremendous explosion. Arms, legs, and mutilated bodies were blown into the air, and dreadful havoc was made in the surrounding canoes. The interpreter was in the main chains at the time of the explosion, and was thrown unhurt into the water, where he succeeded in getting into one of the canoes. According to his statement, the bay presented an awful spectacle after the catastrophe. The ship had disappeared, but the bay was covered with fragments of the wreck, with shattered canoes, and Indians swimming for their lives, or struggling in the agonies of death;

while those who had escaped the danger remained aghast and stupified, or made with frantic panic for the shore. Upwards of a hundred savages were destroyed by the explosion, many more were shockingly mutilated, and for days afterward the limbs and bodies of the slain were thrown upon the beach.

"The inhabitants of Neweetee were overwhelmed with consternation at this astounding calamity, which had burst upon them in the very moment of triumph. The warriors sat mute and mournful, while the women filled the air with loud lamentations. Their weeping and wailing, however, was suddenly changed into yells of fury at the sight of four unfortunate white men, brought captive into the village. They had been driven on shore in one of the ship's boats, and taken at some distance along the coast.

"The interpreter was permitted to converse with them. They proved to be the four brave fellows who had made such desperate defence from the cabin. The interpreter gathered from them some of the particulars already related. They told him further, that, after they had beaten off the enemy, and cleared the ship, Lewis advised them that they should slip the cable and endeavor to get to sea. They declined to take his advice, alleging that the wind set too strongly into the bay, and would drive them on shore. They resolved, as soon as it was dark, to put off quietly in the ship's boat, which they would be able to do unperceived, and to coast along back to Astoria. They put their resolution into effect; but Lewis refused to accompany them, being disabled by his wound, hopeless of escape, and determined on a terrible revenge. On the voyage out, he had repeatedly expressed a presentiment that he should die by his own hands; thinking it highly probable that he should be engaged in some contest with the natives, and being resolved, in case of extremity, to commit suicide, rather than be made a prisoner. He now declared his intention to remain on board of the ship until daylight, to decoy as many of the savages on board as possible, then to set fire to the powder magazine, and terminate his life by a signal act of vengeance. How well he succeeded has been shown. His companions bade him a melancholy adieu, and set off on their precarious expedition. They strove with might and main to get out of the bay, but found it impossible to weather a point of land, and were at length compelled to take shelter in a small cove, where they hoped to remain concealed until the wind should be more favorable. Exhausted by fatigue and watching, they fell into a sound sleep, and in that state were surprised by the savages. Better had it been for those unfortunate men had they remained with Lewis and shared his heroic death: as it was, they perished in a more painful and protracted manner, being sacrificed by the natives to the manes of their friends with all the lingering tortures of savage cruelty. Some time after their death, the interpreter, who had remained a kind of prisoner at large, effected his escape, and brought the tragical tidings to Astoria."

'Astoria' is destined to occupy no middle rank in the productions of its author; a fact of which the publishers seem to have been aware, if we may judge from the creditable pains which they have taken to present it to the public in a handsome and durable dress.

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**THE LADIES' WREATH:** A selection from the Poetic Writers of England and America. With Original Notices and Notes. Prepared especially for Young Ladies. By Mrs. SARAH J. HALE, Author of 'Northwood,' 'Flora's Interpreter,' 'Traits of American Life,' etc. One vol. pp. 408. Boston: MARSH, CAPEN AND LYON.

IN a former number of this Magazine, we gave notice of the coming appearance of the handsome volume now before us: and we take pleasure in saying, that the favorable predictions which we ventured in relation to its character, have in our judgment been amply fulfilled. Mrs. Hale has given liberal selections from twelve female poets of England, and from an equal number of those of our own country. These selections are made with fine taste, and with that regard for useful, moral, and religious inculcation, which forms so prominent a feature in all the literary labors of the author-compiler. A short sketch of the personal history of the writers, together with terse but judicious criticisms, accompany their productions. The volume is intended for young ladies — 'as a mirror,' to adopt the language of an excellent preface, 'bright and polished, in which they may see reflected the beauty of virtue, the loveliness of the domestic affections, and the happiness of piety.' To the pure-hearted, or those who would become so, and to all whose bosoms are sometimes alive to the chastened and refining influences of good poetry, we cordially commend the 'Ladies' Wreath.'

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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PARK THEATRE — MISS ELLEN TREE. — The public have at length been gratified, and their high hopes fully realized. Miss ELLEN TREE has satisfied the most judicious, that the almost unqualified admiration which the English public have bestowed upon her, has not exceeded her fair deserts. No one will expect to find in Miss Tree those wonderful characteristics which hallow the memory of Mrs. Siddons; none will look at her and expect an embodiment of the genius of tragedy, such as that which placed the great English Melpomené immeasurably beyond rivalry; yet can *all* say of her, and with equal justice, what was so truly said of Mrs. Siddons: 'The spectator weeps when she weeps, smiles when she smiles, and each emotion of her heart becomes in turn his own.'

Perhaps the great feature in Miss Tree's acting is *delicacy*. A high degree of refinement is perceptible in all she does. There is nothing to astonish, but every thing to admire, and *grow* pleased with — every thing to increase our delight, the longer we contemplate, or the closer we scrutinize. Her acting, like Macready's, evinces great study by its absolute perfection — not by its measured mannerisms. Like Macready, again, she is always sure — she can be always depended upon — is at all times excellent; and unlike Kean, neither surprisingly great, nor indifferently tame. Another great charm in Miss Tree's impersonations, is their natural truth. They are in fact, for the time being, the very realities which they are intended to represent. No one can look upon Miss Tree's representations, without being struck with admiration at the perfect reliance which she seems to place upon the complete power of the *natural* expression of the sentiment over her audience, and at the utter contempt for every thing like clap-trap, or any one of the miserable resources of petty minds, to produce an effect upon her hearers. Her acting is in its character like an unruffled stream, beautiful in its repose; but as surely and as naturally as the same water is disturbed and agitated by the storm, so is the serenity of her feelings acted upon and ruffled by the storm of passion which descends upon it. We have seen those who upon the stage were in a constant state of ferment and agitation. Like a brawling brook, they were always fretting — making more noise than the majestic river, which, in its silent course, moves on in its resistless power. There is no such harshness in Miss Tree — no abruptness — none of that habitual starting and tragedy-trick, which so often mar the beauty of the best-drawn characters. There is more of the *woman* about Miss Tree — if we can be understood by this expression — than in any other actress we have ever seen; a particularly feminine grace in her character, which does not leave her, even when she appears in male attire, or in a character which is really meant to be masculine. And who is there that will not admire her the more for possessing at *all* times the true grace of her sex? For ourselves, we must say, that we never affected a lady in pantaloons, on or off the stage — literally or morally — until Ellen Tree, in a male character, destroyed our scruples. But with all this delicacy, let it not be understood that our actress is tame. On the contrary, we know of none whose expressions of hate, anguish, fear, despair, anger, or any of the stronger passions, are more natural, or irresistibly powerful. Leaving out altogether Lady Macbeth, and those characters of mighty compass, which none but a Siddons ever did or could represent, and we have in Miss Ellen Tree all that the most scrupu-

lous can desire, to make up the composition of a great actress. In short, to parodize the words and not the sense of Shakspeare: 'This *Tree* hath robbed many trees of their several additions. She is graceful as the poplar, majestic as the oak, melancholy as the willow, profuse in beauty as the magnolia, tender as the orange, delicate yet enduring as the locust. Like the cedar of Lebanon, an evergreen, redolent of sweets, whose sacred oil, when used to preserve from decay the books of the fathers was but a type of that intellectual essence, wherewith she embalms the thoughts and inspirations of genius in our memories for ever.'

c.

EDITORS' DRAWER. — We resume, and conclude for the present, our examination of the brief articles appropriate to this department. Similar papers, now in hand, will be discussed in a future number.

The following reply to the queries of 'D.,' in the Knickerbocker for December, is timely, and, as it seems to us, well reasoned and conclusive:

*To the Editors of the Knickerbocker:*

GENTLEMEN: A sensible correspondent of yours, over the signature of 'D.,' proposes an attempt at an exposition of the following passage of Locke's Essay; and as I deem that quotation one of the finest specimens of writing in that great work of genius, I hasten to furnish him with my interpretation of it. Locke says:

'Reason is natural revelation, whereby the eternal Father of light and fountain of all knowledge communicates to mankind that portion of Truth which he has laid within the reach of their natural faculties. Revelation is natural reason, enlarged by a new set of discoveries, communicated by God immediately, which reason vouches the truth of by the testimony and proofs it gives that they come from God. So that he who takes away reason to make way for revelation, puts out the light of both, and does much the same, as if he would persuade a man to put out his eyes, the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope.'

This statement contains a just and profound view of the object of a revelation from heaven, and of the office to be performed by reason in the examination of its credentials. The obscurity in the language of Locke, to which your correspondent refers, arises out of the difference between the ordinary meaning of the term revelation, and that technical import which is given it in theological treatises. Revelation is either natural or supernatural. In the first sense we use this word when we say, that as soon as day-light appeared, our dangerous condition was clearly revealed to us, or such a person revealed all the facts which were confided to him, under an injunction of secrecy. Supernatural revelation, implies a miraculous communication of truth to mankind, by immediate inspiration of God. In the first of these meanings, therefore, reason is very aptly said by Locke, to be natural revelation, since all the truths at which we arrive through its instrumentality, must come to us *mediately*, though not *immediately*, from the great Father of light and fountain of all wisdom. May not the magnificent scene presented to us in the external world, be said to be revealed to us by God, through the action of the eye, or external organs of vision? So reason may be regarded as the internal organ of vision, or mental eye, which discloses to us the impalpable world of truth and knowledge.

Again: Revelation is natural reason enlarged by a new set of discoveries communicated by God immediately, which reason vouches the truth of by the testimony and proofs it gives that they come from God. That is, revelation in its technical import, is an enlargement of the knowledge of mankind by a new set of discoveries communicated immediately or supernaturally by God. And as we say, that a man may have a narrow or enlarged reason or understanding, according to his degree of information, so by these communications from heaven, and under this supernatural dispensation, the reason or knowledge of mankind may be said to be enlarged by a new set of discoveries. Or what is equivalent to this statement, a state of revelation, as contradistinguished from a mere state of natural reason, is that in which the reason or knowledge subsisting in the world is enlarged by revelations from heaven. Locke means to affirm, that all the truths to which the human mind can attain by the exercise of its native faculties, may be regarded as a kind of natural revelation, made to us by the Fountain of all wisdom, inasmuch as he bestows the powers which enable us to attain them, but where our knowledge ceases, or when we arrive at the boundaries which are prescribed to our researches, there revelation approaches, and opens new fields of knowledge.



But farther: When revelations to us are announced, upon what grounds are we to receive them as genuine communications from heaven? It would not do to give credit to every person making pretensions to divine illumination, or we might have become the dupes of every impostor, from Simon Magus to the infamous Matthias. How, then, are we to guard against endless impositions, unless revelations be considered as appeals to our reason and understandings, which, in the language of Locke, are to become 'vouchers for their truth from the testimony and proofs which are given that they come from God?' If reason is not made the umpire which is to decide the authenticity of a revelation, we should open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and most atrocious impostures. It does not follow, however, from this appeal to reason, that she must necessarily abuse her powers. It will be her province to discriminate the cases, in which the truths revealed are within or above her comprehension, from their very nature, and yet sustained by adequate proof, from those which are to be repudiated, as contradictory to her clearest dictates.

From this explanation, I think, we cannot fail to perceive the force and beauty of Locke's conclusion, 'so that he who takes away reason to make way for revelation, puts out the light of both, and does much the same as if he would persuade a man to put out his eyes, the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope.' Could a more apt and beautiful illustration be invented by human genius? I recommend it to the especial consideration of all those divines in our country, who seem to imagine that they are exalting the honors of revelation, when they are disparaging the pretensions of human reason, and making it as blind as a bat in matters of religion, when in the investigations of science, it can weigh the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance, subject the laws of nature to its dominion, and even scan the heavens. Right reason will always be the hand-maid to true religion, and the enlightened clergyman will never entertain any apprehensions about the progress of sound science. If the Bible be the word of God, it can never be found in contrariety to the volume of his works. Originating in the same unerring wisdom, they must be found in harmony, if rightly interpreted. He who would destroy reason, therefore, to make way for revelation, puts out the light of both, because reason is the inward eye, which not only discerns all natural and moral truth, but is the only organ that enables us to perceive those remote truths which are disclosed to it by the light of revelation. Revelation may become to it the telescope, by whose aid only it can bring those truths, like invisible stars, within its sphere of vision; but it can no more supersede its functions in the apprehension of those truths, than the use of that optical instrument can preclude the necessity of the natural organ, in the observation of the heavenly bodies. The aptitude and beauty of this illustration may be still farther exhibited, by extending the points of analogy. Suppose the remote star which we desire to descry, to represent a future state of existence after death. Revelation may be symbolized by the telescope, which enables us to discern it. Now, as, after we have obtained a distinct view of the heavenly orb, through our optical glasses, it would be very unreasonable to deny its existence because it could not be discerned by the naked eye, or because its properties, as disclosed to us, are incompatible with those conceptions which we have previously formed of those planets, that come within the reach of more minute scrutiny, so also, it is equally irrational, to repudiate the doctrine of the soul's immortality, when clearly revealed, because we can attain but indistinct and inadequate ideas of the mode of its existence, and the offices it will perform in that future condition. It is enough that we can discern the remote star, through the aid of the telescope, to induce us to believe in the certainty of its existence in the regions of space. It is enough to convince us of the soul's immortality, that it is clearly disclosed to us in an authentic revelation.

Nor, finally, does this view of the subject supersede the exercise of Christian faith. It only strips it of the characteristics of a blind credulity, and communicates to it the properties of a rational belief. Christian faith is a lively and operative conviction of the truths of Christianity; and surely this is a plant which will as readily spring up, grow, and flourish in the soil of reason, and, I will say, too, of sound science, as in the rank and uncultured ground of ignorance and superstition. Nay, it becomes a more wholesome and productive tree, in proportion as the mould from which it grows is better formed by nature, and cultured by art and learning.

F. B.

'JUNIUS, JR.,' in a private note, 'is of opinion that, by giving place to a communication of the Rev. FREDERICK BEASLEY, to which JUNIUS, JR. replied, and by also giving the reverend gentleman the last opportunity — that is, the opening and closing speech — the editors have dealt unfairly by the parties. If they also think so,' he adds, 'they will please give place to a reply to the article in question, contained in the November number of the Knickerbocker.' The request is but a just one, and we cheerfully comply with the wishes of our correspondent. Since, however, the matter *now* stands precisely

as we supposed it to remain when we expressed a similar decision, on a former occasion, we would repeat that, so far as this Magazine is concerned, the further discussion of this subject in its pages must be considered as at an end.

DEAR SIR: I have no wish to knock down your argument, and place mine on its top, by my 'superior skill.' I merely wish to clear away the rubbish of error, being satisfied that truth will, in all such cases, be found on the top. I have, therefore, expressed freely my sense of the question at issue, and shall be equally rejoiced, which ever side may prevail, so that TRUTH be triumphant.

The nature of your argument against Hume, I think I fully comprehend. It is built on an attempt to show, that as human testimony in some cases amounts to certainty, it therefore 'does not always rest on a variable experience.' This appears to me to be a contradiction in terms. The very circumstance of its being sometimes true, and sometimes false, constitutes its variableness. So far as I have learned, it always has been variable: I know that this is the character of testimony in the present day, and until it becomes uniformly true, or uniformly false, it will always continue to be variable. Not so with our experience of the laws or modes of nature: these are uniform, constantly pursuing the same course of causes and effects.

It appears, therefore, that your attempt to prove that *testimony is sometimes uniformly true*, is a kind of special pleading entirely one side from Mr. Hume's argument.

If, as you observe, miracles are the only evidence which should produce conviction of supernatural communications, or are the only authentic credentials of a divine mission, (and it appears to me to be quite reasonable that it should require the exhibition of a miracle to produce belief in so strange an event,) then it follows that we have no means in our reach to produce such conviction, for we are entirely without miracles, and are under the necessity of being satisfied with human testimony.

Let me put this in a more condensed position. You say: 'By miracles *alone* can any one who makes pretensions to supernatural communication expect to produce conviction in the minds of others.' But we are without miracles, therefore those making such pretensions ought not to expect to produce conviction.

Again: 'Miracles are the *only* authentic credentials of a divine mission.' But those pretending to such mission have shown us no miracles, therefore their credentials are wanting.

You put into the mouth of your opponents such a syllogism as this: 'Testimony is sometimes doubtful and deceptive: that which is sometimes deceptive must always be so; therefore *testimony is always deceptive*.' It will not be necessary to call in the wisdom of Solomon, or the strength of Sampson, to knock down this argument of straw. It will only be necessary to repeat the idea of Hume; that *testimony* is sometimes doubtful and deceptive; it cannot therefore furnish as strong proof as the *laws of nature*, which experience has proved to be uniform.

Allow me to quote another of your arguments, in which you appear to reason on the right side. 'It is clear that in regard to the constitution and laws of nature, we can neither attain to intuitive or demonstrative certainty. If we could do this, the affair would be summarily settled, and no room left for doubt. We should then be as sure that a dead man could or could not be raised, as that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.' Are then the alleged miracles, events 'conformable to the constitution and laws of nature,' but of which we are uncertain? If so, they are not miracles. Hume defines a miracle to be 'a violation of the laws of nature.' Gleig, Buck, Brown, and others, as well as yourself, define it in the same manner. It appears, from your reasoning alone, that the constitution and laws of nature are so certain, that if we were sufficiently acquainted with them, we could depend on their operations with the same certainty that the three angles, etc. But a miracle is an alleged violation or inversion of the laws and constitution of nature, therefore it is as certain that a miracle never occurred 'as that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.'

The earthquake at Lisbon was an unusual, though a *natural* event: it gives therefore no suspicion of the certainty of the operation of 'the constitution and laws of nature,' and can furnish no argument in favor of miracles, which are events contrary to nature.

You have again instanced courts of justice, but as you still omit to name a trial in which a miracle would be involved, allow me to suppose a case which a uniform experience of the laws of nature would render obvious. Would a jury render a verdict for damages, however strong the testimony, if an action was brought to recover the value of a horse and cart, upon the ground that the trespasser had swallowed them? You may perhaps think that I am disposed to treat the subject with levity. It is not so. I have sought in vain for an instance which should be at once obvious and serious. I am persuaded that the air of comic absurdity belongs to the *nature* of the proposition. Indeed I have very little doubt, that if you would endeavor to rid yourself of your preconceived opinions, and would look at miracles, with the evidence only by which they are backed and opposed, free from the prejudice of education, and the influence of popular belief, even you would soon begin to smile at your own credulity.

Your long and eloquent pleading to bolster up testimony, and to render experience of

the laws of nature doubtful, would perhaps persuade, if reason and common sense were not necessary to discover truth. 'But truth,' says the learned Hosack, 'should attract by her simplicity as well as beauty. Where you discern much paint and artifice, beware of your embraces.'

I have read many replies, but no sufficient answer to this argument of Mr. Hume. It is one of those arguments which stand in their simplicity and immovable truth, like granite peaks, around which the ever-shifting alluvium of theology may change its forms and positions, but without being able to cover or destroy them.

For your good wishes and courtesy, allow me to return my hearty thanks, and to subscribe myself your sincere friend and servant,

JUNIUS JR.

WHAT a hold has NAPOLEON BONAPARTE upon the imagination — not to say sympathy — of mankind! It has been said of his followers, that they borrowed a splendor from the sun of the world, which vanished with its source. This may be true: but his was not that sunset

——— 'whose glory, while we view,  
Is lost to earth, and all around is blue.'

There is a gorgeous twilight, even yet, about the track of the long-descended orb. How much has been written, and how much continues to be written, of the great conqueror! He is a live-long theme. The following is one of *five* articles of verse now before us, on the same general topic:

#### LAMENT OF AN AUSTERLITZ VETERAN.

My glance was not fearfully dim,  
Nor the hair on my temples all hoary,  
When, guided through danger by him,  
I came from the fight red with glory:  
Old badges of Valor recall  
The Hero that sleeps far from Gaul.

When I think of that isle in the brine,  
Where his cold shrouded relics are lying —  
Where winds with rough surges combine,  
And his dirge are eternally sighing,  
Tears, tears, like the rain, warmly fall  
For the Hero that sleeps far from Gaul.

In dreams of the night I behold  
His legions to battle advancing,  
While conquering eagles unfold  
Bright wings o'er his cavalry prancing,  
And again I rejoice in the call  
Of thy world-waking trumpet, oh Gaul!

Once more on my withering cheek  
The storm of the Switzer is blowing,  
And the vulture of War whets his beak,  
Where the sands of the desert are glowing —  
And our chief, in the Mameluke tall,  
Sees a foe not unworthy of Gaul.

Again the red war-eagle builds  
His perch in the tottering Kremlin,  
And the sunbeam of Austerlitz gilds  
The field with artillery trembling —  
But Morning robs Night of her pall,  
And I mourn the lost Hero of Gaul.

I was stedfast to suffering France,  
When the wild winds of Faction blew on her,  
And Hate shook the murderous lance,  
And he gave me this bright cross of Honor.  
These scars, won at Lodi, recall  
The Hero that sleeps far from Gaul.

Could I but have stood by his bed  
 When his soul from the fetter that bound him  
 To mix with mad elements fled,  
 That long had been warring around him,\*  
 One heart would have burst, as the pall  
 Was flung o'er the Hero of Gaul.

O, would that you Seine near his tomb  
 Could wander, his requiem swelling,  
 And the sunshine of France could illumine  
 The cold, earthen roof of his dwelling:  
 That the tears of Remembrance could fall  
 On the grave of thy Hero, oh Gaul!

Repining is vain! Near the place  
 Where he moulders, the willow is trailing,  
 And Ocean the rock-guarded base  
 Of the desolate isle is assailing;  
 The storm-cloud alone weeps the fall  
 Of the Hero that sleeps far from Gaul.

October, 19, 1836.

W. H. C. H.

HERE is a touch of 'these times,' which will serve to relieve the more solid dishes here served up, as it were at a side table. The writer is far better off, with his cheerful spirit and humor, than many a rich man, who, although having great possessions, is yet laboring to reach a certain satisfactory point in wealth, but finds that boundary a 'financial horizon, that recedes as he advances.'

#### THE TIMES.

MESSES. EDITORS: The times are strangely out of joint. The dislocation occurred somewhere about two years since; and although we have a superabundance of physicians and surgeons, no relief has yet been afforded to the patient. Some recommend one thing, and some another; but instead of putting the unfortunate subject on the mending hand, the treatment has but increased the malady, and our ears are now continually assailed with the unpleasant music of ill-suppressed sighs and open groans.

In the mercantile world, there seems to be a deficiency of the circulating medium, and paper money, once very abundant, is now so scarce, that only a privileged few can obtain even a glimpse at a five-dollar note, to say nothing of being so fortunate as to own one. It is so long since I had the pleasure of seeing a genuine bank-note, that I have almost forgotten how they look. A friend of mine has one in his possession, and has promised to show it to me. I have in my drawer, several counterfeit bills, which I prize as highly as one does the portrait of a departed friend, whom he may never look upon again. I take great pleasure in regarding these dear images — these excellent copies of those soft and flimsy objects, with which the innermost pocket of my wallet was once so familiar. How delightful it is to look upon those exquisitely finished miniatures of Franklin and Washington, which adorn the ends of the little creatures! and how I love to contemplate Martius Curtius leaping into the yawning gulf, or that half-dressed female who sits so gracefully upon a rock, holding a pair of scales in her hand, while a pretty merchant ship is sailing plump against her back! And oh! how many tears have I shed, while reading the glorious promise so beautifully recorded thereon, in German text, and other kinds of letters, that if the bearer would come unto the President, he should receive one, two, ten, or a hundred dollars, as the case might be. It forcibly reminds me of by-gone days, when the times were so prosperous that I often had it in my power to walk with a bold front to the paying teller of a bank, and demand five silver dollars in exchange for a bill. Now, alas! I am crest-fallen. I can no longer run the banks, nor look a director in the face, and say I ask no favors. My bank-book has lain undisturbed on my shelf for the last six months. I have not had occasion, during the whole of that period, to deposit a single dollar. My pocket-wallet has been so long without its natural food, that it looks like a beggar in a famine, so lank, wrinkled, and altogether worthless, does it appear. Once it was as portly as an alderman after the annual dinner; and when distended with V's and X's to its utmost capacity, it was indeed a circumstance in my pocket, worth noticing. But now it lies like a flimsy rag among my keys, knife, and tooth-pick, and has not been opened since the first day of August, when I made the third and last thorough search into its empty

\* 'The 5th of May came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliciously engaged in a strife more terrible than that of the elements around.' — SCOTT.

recesses, thinking that possibly there might be a stray bill which, in my better days, had been unintentionally separated from the others, and overlooked. Fruitless search! Vain scrutiny! All the pockets and folds had long since been divested of every thing like money, and nothing remained save a strip of soiled paper, cut from the *Star*, containing an advertisement of several thousand dollars to loan on bond and mortgage. By the way, I had made a bold push for that money, and should doubtless have obtained it, but for the want of real estate to offer as security. The individual rather declined loaning on my personal credit, although I showed him a good character, which I had obtained from a distinguished phrenologist, and declared, upon my honor, that I would one day return the whole amount, with lawful interest thereon. Observing, as I thought, that he hesitated, my pride would not suffer me to urge the matter.

These changes in the times have a wonderful influence, not only over the inward but the outward man. Whenever you see a mercantile gentleman getting into flesh, and carry a smirk upon his countenance as he trips along the street, scarcely recognising his best and most intimate friends, depend upon it he is not only doing a prosperous business, but is extremely easy in his finances. If he is over-fat, and unable to button his new coat without difficulty, you may rest assured that his profits for the last six months have not been less than ten thousand dollars. He has not realized the rîche of that sum, but he has it on paper. When he begins to diminish, it is the consequence of having heard of numerous losses by the failure of those indebted to him; and if he continues to decrease, you may safely conclude that he is doing a bad business, and not accommodated so freely at the bank as formerly. When he is positively lean, and not sufficiently large, by one-third, to fill the clothes once too small for his dimensions, his friends begin to grow alarmed, and he is advised on all hands to spend the winter in St. Augustine or St. Croix. His lungs are affected, and his physicians prescribe a southern climate, as the last resort. How poorly do the pitying friends and physicians understand his case! The air of Wall-street will do him more good than that of the West Indies, and the gentlemen-shavers of that celebrated neighborhood, are more skilful in the treatment of his malady than our best physicians, provided he have such security as will authorize a loan, as a special favor, at four per cent. a month. They can fill up his vest, and make him, in a very few days, as good as new. Yet these men are not aware of the extraordinary power they possess, to cover the poor fellow's bones with their natural quantity of flesh and blood; nor do they know how frequently they reverse the operation, and reduce a man from the top to the bottom in the scale of humanity, so far as concerns the measure of his 'muddy vesture of clay.' They can accommodate a merchant or speculator with fifty or seventy-five pounds of good solid flesh, and they can recall the loan at their own sovereign will and pleasure, in spite of canvass-backs and roast beef. Their power is almost despotic, and they are not far behind the autocrat of all the Russias, in playing the devil with their subjects. Nicholas can take the lives of those whom he commands; but the Wall-street despot, if he cannot consign his subject to the bow-string, has the magic art of depriving him of sleep, of thrusting his eyes back into their sockets, of taking the color from his cheeks, (and, not unfrequently, of transferring it to his nose,) and of making his ribs so articulate that they may be counted through an overcoat. Oh ye whose organs of conscientiousness are small, and your capitals large, and who, with a political figure of speech, may justly be called private 'monsters,' reflect upon the awful responsibility which rests upon you, in consequence of possessing such enormous power to do good or to do evil, as your interest may dictate! Have a regard for the feelings of those who require your aid, and be satisfied with two and a half per cent. per month, and not over-particular about the security! If you can double your capitals in twelve months, be content with what moderate men would call a living profit, and do not reduce us to the necessity of diminishing our establishments, nor compel our wives and daughters to forego their annual parties — the unkindest cut of all! In more prosperous times, depend upon it we will remember the favors extended to us in the days of our adversity, and will never be ungrateful for the kind manner in which you took us by the hand, and led us safely over the 'slough of despond,' asking in return only full payment for the temporary bridge you erected for our convenience.

A CORRESPONDENT at Rochester, in this state, has addressed us the following note, confirmatory of the correctness of the assumption of this Magazine, in relation to the authorship of 'The Doctor':

GENTLEMEN: By way of addendum to the conclusive article in the November number of the *Knickerbocker*, touching the authorship of 'The Doctor,' permit me to suggest another 'certain sign.'

In the chapter 'concerning Love and Marriage, and Marriage without Love,' (vol. i. pp. 221, 222,) the author quotes the annexed stanzas from 'Zophiel,' and adds: 'So

gs MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE, the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses:

The bard has sung, God never formed a soul  
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet  
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole  
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!

But thousand evil things there are that hate  
To look on happiness: these hurt, impede,  
And leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,  
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine, and pant, and bleed.

And as the dove to fair Palmyra flying,  
From where her native fountains of Antioch beam,  
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,  
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream,

So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,  
Love's pure, congenial spring, unfound, unquaffed,  
Suffers, recoils, then thirsty and despairing,  
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.

The poetess whom Dr. Southey styles 'Maria del Occidente,' is our fair country-woman, MRS. MARY A. BROOKS. The first canto of 'Zophiel' was published at Boston, in 1825, and met but a cold reception on this side the Atlantic. A copy of the poem, however, fell under the observation of the Laureate, who, learning that it had been received with indifference in this country, addressed a letter to Mrs. Brooks, desiring her to publish the remaining cantos in England, and offering to superintend their introduction to the British public. This was not done; and probably the existence of 'Zophiel' is known to scarce a man in England, save 'the most book-ful of Laureates.' To how many is it known in the United States?

This circumstance, (let it go for what it is worth, in reference to the identity of Southey and the author of 'The Doctor,') is worthy of publication, for the sake of keeping alive the memory of his courtesy. s.

The following remarks in relation to the great *American Dictionary* of Dr. WEBSTER were accompanied by a printed article from the pen of the venerable lexicographer, exposing numerous errors in RICHARDSON'S Dictionary, a work which seems recently to have received a large amount of reverberating eulogy, from the journals of the day. For this article, at the late hour at which it was received, we regret that we have not space. We are glad of an opportunity, however—while we yield all praise to Richardson's work, as an invaluable historical thesaurus of the language, and one well calculated to be useful to scholars—to express our concurrence with the opinions of our correspondent—who, it may be proper to premise, is neither Dr. WEBSTER himself, nor one who writes by his dictation, or with his knowledge.

*To the Editors of the Knickerbocker—*

GENTLEMEN: The great *American Dictionary* of Dr. Webster attracts less attention and respect, at this moment, than it will a century hence. The public do not fully know the sources of the frequent paltry and illiberal attacks upon this work, or they would give them less weight and consideration. The tribe of elementary book-makers in this country is very numerous. They engross, indeed, almost the only profitable branch of literary labor. The compilers of school-dictionaries spelling-books, reading-lessons, etc., etc., are arrayed in a body against the American Dictionary, because, if its principles prevail, many of their books will be supplanted by those of Dr. Webster. The publishers of these heterogeneous productions, and all who re-publish English dictionaries, have a common interest in depreciating the merits of our American lexicographer. A little reflection will suggest, that these various interests embrace a numerous host, who are strongly stimulated by self-interest, who wield ready pens, and exert a controlling influence over many periodicals. They are indefatigable in their efforts. I have before me an examination of Dr. Webster's publications, by one of these spelling-book makers, the compilation of which must have cost the labor of several months. It fell, still-born, from the press; for it is disfigured with personal abuse and ignorance; but it serves to illustrate the zeal and true value of the opposition to which I allude.

Of the *seventy thousand* words, defined in the American Dictionary, there may be some twenty or thirty, the derivation and orthography of which, by isolation from the



author's explanations and principles, can be invested with the appearance of ridiculous novelty. These few examples, paraded before the public by the diligence of secret enemies, and not examined in the spirit of generous criticism, have, in some measure, created an unjust prejudice against a valuable work. But is this a fair test by which to try the value of the product of twenty laborious years? or, as it may truly be said, of *fifty years*, for that full period has been devoted by the author to the study of the English language. Is it not an indication of a habit of superficial judgment, and of superficial scholarship, in the American public, that with regard to a work of this magnitude, and of confessed erudition, they will be influenced by a distaste for some fourscore modifications of orthography? In so vast an undertaking, can entire exemption from error be expected? And is it not reasonable to suppose that, here and there, a conclusion may have been adopted by the author which may fail to satisfy the world?

The American Dictionary has been splendidly re-published in England, under the supervision and by the recommendation of one of the most eminent English scholars. In that country, so far as I can learn, it has been every where spoken of with respect and commendation. I confess I feel on this subject some degree of national pride; nor can I read, without pain, the flippant censures bestowed by those who have neither the adequate learning, nor capacity, upon a work, in which the author has embodied the results of a more thorough and laborious research into the origin and philosophy of the English language, than was ever made by any other man: especially when I remember that this author is *my countryman*; that he has devoted a long life to the interests of letters; that in his early years, he was the esteemed friend and correspondent of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, and Jay; and that his anxiety to perfect his great work induced him, in the evening of his days, in despite of extraordinary obstacles, twice to cross the Atlantic, that he might avail himself of materials not to be found in this country. Whenever I chance to discover something inconsistent with my preconceived notions, in the productions of so learned and laborious a writer, I am forced rather to distrust my own qualifications, than to pronounce a hasty condemnation.

I am persuaded you will take pleasure in directing the attention of scholars, both in Europe and America, to a work, of which, whatever be its occasional defects, our countrymen have reason to be proud.

AN AMERICAN.

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**SALARIES IN THE AMERICAN NAVY.** — We remarked, not long since, in the original columns of the *Sunday Morning News*, a weekly journal of this city, conducted with ability, and possessing a wide circulation, some very just remarks upon the meagre salaries which officers of all grades in the United States' Navy receive for their services. It was well reasoned, that these were not such as to do justice to the national character, nor worthy the recipients of them. We have long known, that midshipmen in the United States' service, when not engaged in active duty at sea, were insufficiently remunerated; and it is now apparent, that none of the officers in our Navy are overpaid. It has been a just cause of complaint with the first-named class, that the services of their stations were not better rewarded. Penuriousness or retrenchment in such points, is ill-judged economy, and very poor policy. The effect of it is, to lessen the respect which is due to us from foreign nations, and to create a spirit of discontent, to a greater or less degree, among those attached to the service. It may be hoped that the American Congress will bestow early attention to this important subject.

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**THE PLAINDEALER.** — A weekly political newspaper, of sixteen large octavo pages, entitled '*The Plaindealer*,' has recently appeared in this city. It is under the sole editorial direction of Mr. WILLIAM LEGGETT, late of the *Evening Post*, of whose talents few general readers in the United States are ignorant. Judging from the two numbers which have been published, it may be assumed, that whatever topic the Plaindealer may discuss, its readers may rely upon a manly and dignified independence of opinion, and a style so clear and forcible as to defy misunderstanding or misinterpretation. The literary departments of this journal — reviews of new books, notices of the Drama, the fine arts, etc., — will be looked for with an interest kindred to that which the political disquisitions of the editor are calculated to awaken and sustain. We wish *The Plaindealer* that success which we are confident it will use all honest means to deserve.

## LITERARY RECORD.

MEMOIRS OF AARON BURR. — The HARPERS have issued the first volume of the Life of AARON BURR, from the pen of MATHEW L. DAVIS, Esq., a gentleman who was his intimate associate for upward of forty years, and whose materials were ample, both for purposes of history, and the excitement of interest. An extensive correspondence with females — preserved with care by the veteran roué — was, however, very properly destroyed by his biographer, although such a course was strenuously opposed by Burr, when living. Doubtless it were well to preserve in history a memory of the redeeming virtues of the illustrious, or rather notorious, deceased; but to gloss over the deeds which have rendered his name a reproach, is what we hope never to see attempted by one calling himself an American. In one respect, at least, Aaron Burr must be considered as having

——— 'fallen into a pit of ink,  
And the wide sea hath drops too few  
To wash him clean again.'

An admirable portrait, from the pencil of VANDERLYN, engraved by PARKER, faces the title-page.

THE YOUNG DISCIPLE. — MESSRS. WILLIAM MARSHALL AND COMPANY, Philadelphia, and D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, New-York, have given to the public a volume of some three hundred and fifty pages, containing 'The Young Disciple, or a Memoir of ANZONETTA R. PETERS,' a young girl born in this city, whose growth in piety and early death are made subservient to the inculcation of valuable religious lessons. The Rev. JOHN A. CLARK, an eloquent, sound, and deservedly popular clergyman, of Philadelphia, is the author. 'The Young Disciple' cannot fail to be morally and religiously useful, and we commend it, with pleasure, to the favorable suffrages of the public.

THE FAMILY OF NAIADES. — MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD have issued a beautiful volume, entitled 'A Synopsis of the Family of Naiades, by ISAAC LEA, Member of the American Philosophical Society,' etc. The work was undertaken, says the author, purely with the view and in the hope of clearing away the difficulties which had incumbered one of the most interesting families of the Mollusca. Tables are given containing three hundred recent species, as admitted, twenty-two doubtful, and twenty-two fossil — in all, three hundred and forty-four. The volume evinces diligent study and research, against many obstacles. A plate containing two delicately-colored prints of the *Unis Spinosus*, ornaments the volume.

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